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JANUARY 1961
Lessons for April

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Blessings in the New Year

AS a New Year approaches, in addition to silent resolutions one makes for personal improvement during the coming year, it is also a time for an expression of thankfulness and gratitude to the Lord for the innumerable blessings of the past year.

At the October General Relief Society Conference, the Brethren who spoke were united in extolling the worth of Relief Society and the need for all Latter-day Saint women to become members. To those who are giving devoted service, there comes a realization that with the service the greatest good comes to the sister for her personal advantage and edification. Her faithful attendance at Relief Society meetings, week after week, increases her understanding of gospel principles which she is taught to apply in her own life and in the lives of her children. She receives counsel which guides her in deciding where her duty lies in a given situation.

The rearing of one's family assumes first importance to a Relief Society mother, yet her endowments seem to expand so that she may also give service to Relief Society. Her tender ministrations to the sick and homebound enlarge her soul and bring feelings of personal satisfaction, setting an invaluable example in loving, unselfish service to her children. By fulfilling requests made of Relief Society by the Priesthood, she trains herself in the rendering of obedience. In helping to raise funds to maintain Relief Society as a self-sustaining unit, she is encouraged to be industrious and thrifty. A member, through her training and association in Relief Society, grows in her ability to be a better woman, wife, and mother.

As the days, weeks, and months of the New Year roll on, let thanksgiving continually well up in the heart of every Relief Society member, thanking the Lord for the glorious privilege of belonging to and serving in the divinely inspired Relief Society.

The General Board extends love, respect, and gratitude, at the beginning of 1961, to every Relief Society member in every country of the world where they are found. The same spirit attends them in their meetings, in their devotions, and in their labors. The same blessings are visited upon the sisters of every land, as they minister according to the grand key words of the Society, "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do.'" May every Relief Society member follow this admonition and find increasing joy in the New Year.

Affectionately,

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Louise W. Madsen

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From Near and Far

I have the privilege of working as stake theology leader in Minidoka Stake. Each year, in place of Christmas cards, I send to family and friends a mimeographed sheet containing some choice bits of literature. This year, one of the best things I have read is the very timely article in the September issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, "Sleep When the Wind Blows," by Mildred B. Eyring. Thanks so much for the inspiration we have received from that article.

—Bertha Mae Hansen
Rupert, Idaho

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* kindly gifted me from my cousin Mrs. Mary Easton Cutler, Glendale, California. I have enjoyed all the writing in the *Magazines* and the community of spirit expressed, and of course, I was particularly pleased with the cover of the September issue — Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, Scotland.

—Jean Watson
Falkirk, Scotland

I live several miles from the branch where I have membership and seldom get to Relief Society, but I keep up with the lessons and enjoy them very much. I have received inspiration and strength from articles in the *Magazine* and I read each issue many times. I especially enjoy the beautiful covers, giving us scenes from so many interesting places.

—Mrs. Irene Welch
Rockville, Missouri

I have enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine* so much. Many times I have used the thoughts for Primary prayer meeting. It is only through the Church that I could find so much happiness with my husband and six boys.

—Mrs. LaRae Robinson
Kearns, Utah

We have so much enjoyed the copies of *The Relief Society Magazine* given us by the missionaries, and now my thirteen-year-old daughter has finally persuaded us that we need our own subscription. Our whole family were baptized this month, and we need all the inspiration and encouragement that come from reading Church publications, all of which are wonderful. We will be looking forward to receiving our own copy of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Mrs. Douglas Schlueter
Le Sueur, Minnesota

We love to use the recipes published in the *Magazine*. My *Magazine* is a great comfort to me, especially to read in the evening. I thank you for all the wonderful stories and poems.

—L. Goddard
Roseville, California

The sisters receiving the gift subscriptions of *The Relief Society Magazine* here in the Norwegian Mission are overjoyed at the kindness of our sisters in the States. I have been a member of Relief Society since I was fifteen years old, and through the years have learned how wonderful the work really is. I have enjoyed and received much help from the *Magazine* throughout the years.

—Zina R. Engebretsen
President
Norwegian Mission
Relief Society
Oslo, Norway

Our *Relief Society Magazine* is the best and most educational one published anywhere. Thanks for its help in trying to live up to a better life. Your regular reader and longtime subscriber,

—Mrs. Albert A. Bahr
Payette, Idaho

I am impressed with your selection of photographs for *The Relief Society Magazine* — they are excellent.

—Robert W. Mix
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Feminine Spirituality in the Home

Elder Mark E. Petersen
Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address Delivered at the Officers Meeting, Relief Society General Conference, October 5, 1960).

I am surely grateful, my sisters, for the opportunity of being with you. I am very glad to welcome this chorus from Big Horn. I was glad to see the wife of our stake president from there present with them, encouraging them with their singing.

I was very thrilled with the report given by Sister Spafford. I would like you to know that we feel these sisters who make up your General Presidency and General Board are very remarkable women, and we are so grateful for their outstanding leadership.

I would like to express my deep appreciation for the very splendid message of our wonderful President of the Council of the Twelve. I would like to talk along a similar line to some extent and also give support to Sister Spafford's great message.

Those who study trends in America are alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the traditional family life that once was so much a part of the American scene. Home is fast losing its power. Once it was the foundation stone of civilization, the cradle of liberty, a source of true faith in God. Once it produced greatness of character in individuals, which in turn made nations great. While there are still strong homes like this, guided by men and women who regard their parental duties as God-given opportunities, they are becoming rare indeed.

For many, home is now a mere base of operations from which they direct their outside activities. It retains little of the permanency that once it had. Outside interests are making it impossible to do a "heap o'livin'" in our modern homes, where formerly most of our living centered in home and family. Now, for so many people, nearly all activities are away from home and family. Inevitably this brings about separations, and with them comes a loss of home interests, the forming of new and competitive attachments, and a weakening of the influence which made a house a home.

Our many outside interests often drive a wedge between children and parents. Youngsters have a new feeling of independence from their parents, involving an earlier cutting of the apron strings, and with it they sense less their obligation to father and mother. This, in turn, results in less obedience to parents, less regard and respect for them, and, when parents are old, very little, if any, responsibility for their care.

Many mothers now go out to work. This, again, leads to the formation of new and separate ties apart from home and family. It forms new companionships also which sometimes lead to illicit romance and a breaking up of marriage.

The collapse of the home, as you know, brings divorce, juvenile prob-

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lems, an increase in the general crime rate, and a widespread loss of faith in God. It brings less and less Church attendance, less and less family worship, fewer and fewer prayers, and an ever-shrinking dependence upon the Lord. Nationally, this has resulted in a near spiritual bankruptcy for millions of people. How long can any nation withstand such a trend?

The report of the 1960 White House Conference for Children and Youth casts a glaring spotlight on these shortcomings. It points out that among the principal contributing causes of crime and delinquency in youth are faulty family relationships and unwholesome home environments. The bad example of adults is one of the worst contributing causes of drinking and dishonesty among youngsters. One state survey, for instance, showed that most of the high school students who use alcoholic beverages had their first drink in their own homes or in the homes of relatives.

ANOTHER study in a midwestern state, made among high school students, revealed that, although every child listed a church preference on his personnel card, many of them had never attended any kind of church service, except weddings and funerals, and knew nothing whatever about Christian belief.

The parents of these pupils showed a similar history. It is from this group that most of the children with problems arise. They constitute the delinquents of the community and the disciplinary problems of the school.

A national survey was made among young delinquents themselves — boys and girls who had been arrested for one crime or another. This survey revealed that eighty per cent of these problem children said their parents were too busy with outside interests to give them any guidance or counsel; eighty per cent said that there was no teamwork in the home and no planned family activity of any kind; seventy-five per cent said their parents did not care whom they chose for friends; eighty per cent reported no religious training in the home.

The records in one sheriff's office in a large western county indicated that over a period of six months, among Latter-day Saint juveniles arrested, not one of them was active in the Church. All had slipped away. Lack of parental care at home was the chief cause.

A survey taken among a cross-section of the Latter-day Saint boys who are not active in the Church, indicated that in nearly every case the parents were not active either. A similar study showed that eighty per cent of the girls in a given area who were not active in the Church had parents who were not active in the Church. On the contrary, it is shown that nearly all of the children in our Church who are active in their wards have parents who are active.

Where there is a religious home, the children learn to love religion. Where there is an irreligious home, the children tend to become irreligious like their parents. From religious homes few delinquents come. From irreligious homes most delinquents come. In religious homes, the principles of honesty, virtue, good citizenship, and good character are taught. In irreligious

homes these teachings receive little, if any, emphasis.

Then, what do we need? We need to restore religion to the home. The gospel is the foundation stone of good character and good citizenship. It is the basis of a good home. It is what gives parenthood its true meaning. It is what makes father and mother more than mere progenitors. It is what makes them partners with God, in rearing his own children and theirs, to become like him. Our great need is for the restoration of a true home with all it stands for in good family living.

Who in the home can best achieve this objective? Manifestly, it must come from the joint efforts of father and mother, with the full co-operation of the children. Through a united effort from all concerned, ideal conditions may obtain.

But, even in that situation, there stands out above all else the steadying hand of one great individual who nurtures every member of the family, who comforts them in their distress, who has them kneel at her side as she teaches them to pray, who teaches them faith in God from the cradle onward, and who helps to provide discipline when discipline is needed.

With all that father does, the very nature of his employment as the breadwinner, takes him away from the home to a point where most of the child's care is left to the mother, and in every good home mother accepts the task. Even where fathers do not live up to their responsibility, mothers still carry on if they catch the true vision of their destiny. At times we have seen children of the very best type come from a home where the father has been an alcoholic, but they had a wonderful mother who had the strength to show them what was right, to teach them how to live, and to help them on their way.

MOTHER is the center of the home. Generally speaking, where she wants the family to serve the Lord, the family, as a rule, serves the Lord. Generally speaking, where the mother wants family prayer in the home, family prayer is held. Generally speaking, where mother wants the scriptures read in the home, the scriptures are read. Generally speaking, where she wants observance of the Word of Wisdom, the Word of Wisdom is kept, because she has taught it to the little ones from infancy.

But mothers need help. They need the strength of other good women. They need to have their sights raised from time to time. They need a constant source of new ideas, new hopes, new stimulation. To inspire others to greater heights, even mothers need inspiration. To strengthen others against the evils of the day, even mothers need more strength. Where can they obtain such help?

Mothers need the reassurance which comes from the Priesthood in the home, that is true, but there are many homes in which the Priesthood has been allowed to languish in disuse. Mothers must come to sacrament meetings with their families, partake of the Lord's sacred emblems, and rededicate themselves to his service. They need to go to the temples to participate in the sublime and sacred proceedings of those sanctuaries.

But they need something else — something strictly feminine — something especially for women, for good women, for right thinking women, something, if I may use this expression and not have you misunderstand me, something which is femininely spiritual.

Having known my lovely convert mother, having known my wife's wonderful mother — also a convert of remarkable strength — having known my deeply spiritual wife, having known my faithful sisters, I have learned that there is a feminine side to spirituality which we men seldom, if ever, truly appreciate. That feminine type of spirituality is truly divine. It is what makes good mothers great. It is what makes them partners with God in a very real and literal sense. It is what makes them the queens of their homes, the spiritual centers of their families.

To nurture this feminine factor in spirituality, a woman needs a woman's spiritual contact just as a man for his masculine type of faith, needs the power of the Priesthood quorum. Women need to unite with other women in the development of their own spiritual natures. They need to unite with other women of like faith and spirituality to obtain the added strength to take their place as the center of faith and devotion among their children. Knowing this, the Lord provided a special women's organization for his faithful daughters. It was established by the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is the Relief Society organization of the Church.

As a man needs his Priesthood quorums, so a woman needs her Relief Society. As every home needs spirituality, so every home needs the help it can obtain from both the Priesthood and the Relief Society. There is a remarkable harmony and co-operation between the Priesthood and the Relief Society. This co-operation pertains not only to care of the needy and the distressed — great as that co-operation is — it also pertains to the development of good homes, high spirituality, and stable children devoted to the Lord.

THE threat to good homes arising out of the many outside interests which beckon all family members is so great and is taking such a toll that we of today must arise to meet it and defeat it. We must protect our homes. We must protect and preserve good family life.

That means, among other things, that every mother must have all the help possible to strengthen her for the work at hand. She needs the help of her sisters in the Church. The need is universal. Every home requires it. Every mother should band together with every other Latter-day Saint mother to build the needed spirituality to preserve the home.

Relief Society is a home builder, a faith builder, a stabilizer in the community, and since every wife and mother needs the strength which Relief Society can give, every wife and mother should belong to Relief Society.

But they don't. And why not? Have we failed to tell them what Relief Society can do for them? Have we neglected an opportunity to tell our neighbors about this wonderful organization? Do our neighbors misunderstand the purpose of

Relief Society? Do they suppose that it is strictly a relief organization? Have they not learned of its cultural and spiritual values, its power to build better homes, greater faith, more solidarity in the family?

How effective have we been in our persuasion? Have we ever gone into a home and sat down objectively with the mother there and given her an actual demonstration of what Relief Society can do for her? Have we taken our class leaders, for instance, into a given home, there to demonstrate what each class has to offer, and thus convert our sisters to joining the Relief Society? Or have we been content with a mere invitation to come out?

Invitations alone are not enough. We must almost be like salesmen in portraying the values and benefits of our work. We must be missionaries seeking to convert these women to the Relief Society way of life.

Since every woman needs what we have, and since so many, as yet, have not joined, are you willing to be missionaries to bring them into our Relief Society fold? Would you be as willing to present Relief Society work to nonmembers of the society as missionaries are willing to carry the gospel to nonmembers of the Church? Would you be as willing to prepare for this effort as the missionaries are to prepare for theirs? Are you as willing to study your lesson courses, the aims and objectives of Relief Society, as the missionaries are willing to learn their lessons in order to present them effectively?

We appeal to every active Relief Society woman to be a Relief Society advocate, to teach her neighbor the values of the society, and convert her to joining it. They need what we have to offer. Their homes need it. With a united effort on our part to bring all Latter-day Saint women into Relief Society as active participants, we can make a significant contribution to the solidarity of family life in the Church. We can help build more faith in God and more understanding among family members, with love and peace in the home. Will you help?

I hope and pray that it will not be long until every wife and mother in the Church is enrolled and active in this great organization so that the strength of the Church may become even more effective in building strong homes. For this I pray, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Cup Once Filled

Leslie Savage Clark

She whose cup once brimmed with love,
Although she now may dwell
In arid lands of drought and thirst,
Can brave their lonely spell —
While the flagon of memory still is hers,
And the heart's deep well.

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three winners in the 1960 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the May 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and closed August 15, 1960.

The first prize of forty dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her poem "Song of Three Marys." The second prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Genevieve St. Cyr Groen, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Joseph the Prophet." The third prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Dorothy J. Roberts, Salt Lake City, for her poem "Pilgrimage to Christmas."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board since 1924, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second General President of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the General Board of Relief Society, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission of the General Board. The General Board also reserves the right to publish any of the poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

Mrs. Young appears for the fourth time as an award winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest; Mrs. Groen is a first-time winner; and 1960 marks the fifth time that Mrs. Roberts has placed in the contest.

There were 181 poems submitted in the 1960 contest. Entries were received from twenty-two States of the United States, and from Washington, D. C., with the largest number coming, in order, from Utah, California, Idaho, Arizona, New York, Washington, Texas, Nevada, Wyoming, and Massachusetts. Entries were received also from Canada, Hawaii, Samoa, Australia, England, and New Zealand.

The General Board congratulates the prize winners and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest. The General Board wishes also to thank the judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the General Board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs and brief highlights on the prize-winning contestants, are herewith published in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

SYLVIA PROBST YOUNG

First Prize Poem

Song of Three Marys

(A Sonnet Sequence)

Sylvia Probst Young

Mary, The Mother

And while a wonder star shone from above,
You watched beside the little manger bed;
Your eyes aglow with tender mother love,
You marked the petal cheek — the wee, fair head. . . .
You were the first to guide his eager feet —
With quiet pride you watched as he would share
With any child that played along the street.
When day was done you knelt with him in prayer;

You knew his world — each singing brook and flower;
His sudden laughter, and his quick embrace;
In work or play, you shared a golden hour
When boyhood's light was glowing in his face

Oh, tender Mary, never was another.
So heaven-blessed as you whom he called Mother.

Mary of Bethany

Within your gracious home the Lord found rest,
And quiet peace, away from pressing care —
With you he was an ever welcome guest,
And always you would bid him linger there.
While Martha, in her quick solicitude,
Looked to his comfort, but you wanted first
To hear his word, for you it was the food,
The drink, for which your hungering soul had thirst.
He was your teacher and your friend; you knew
His calm simplicity, his gentle ways;
How precious was the time he spent with you —
A crowning joy to brighten all your days.

You saw him raise young Lazarus from the dead —
Your gift was spikenard — his, living bread.

Mary Magdalene

When morning light was breaking through the gloom,
When spring's new green had touched each bush and tree,
You came with those who loved him to the tomb,
With those who followed him to Calvary.
You who had known the dear Lord's healing hand,
The many, kindly ways his love was shown;
Bowed in your grief, how could you understand
The angel's word? — You tarried there alone,
Thinking the gardener talked to you, but when
Your name was softly spoken, your heart cried
With gladness, for you knew the Savior, then,
The resurrected Lord — the Sanctified.

Oh, Magdalene, the wonder of that dawn
Would light your life when earthly joys were gone.

******

Three Marys, highly favored of the Lord —
Who walked with him and gloried in his word.

GENEVIEVE ST. CYR GROEN

Second Prize Poem

Joseph the Prophet

Genevieve St. Cyr Groen

We set a fence of lilies where he stood
Dreaming the birds a song for April skies,
Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

Pleasant children play in a circled good.
Repeating the white dove, his gentle sighs,
We set a fence of lilies where he stood.

Young, we were fabled in that sheltered mood
Of music and the day that never dies,
Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

His words lovely as manna for our food,
We heard no hunger in the wild hawks' cries.
We set a fence of lilies where he stood.

They came, the birds of prey, their shadowed hood
Hiding the hot intent deep in their eyes,
Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

Bird, song, and air broke in a fiery flood,
And turning to banish our grief's surprise,
We set a fence of lilies where he stood,
Though henna leaves were red as martyrs' blood.

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, is well known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her stories and poems, several of them prize-winners, have appeared frequently in the *Magazine* since 1947. She summarizes for us, her happy, busy life: "Everyone needs some kind of creativity, whether it is painting a picture, baking a pie, or writing a poem. I enjoy the latter, but because I am a busy housewife and schoolteacher, too, I find time for writing in summer only, or unless I burn the midnight oil.

"Eliza R. Snow's life and writings are such a great inspiration to me that I consider being a winner in this contest my greatest literary achievement. My thanks to *The Relief Society Magazine* for its encouragement of writers.

"Elder Reid W. Young, Bishop of the Midvale Fourth Ward, is my husband, and we have four wonderful boys. They are very active in the Priesthood and other Church activities. I consider them our greatest blessing."

Genevieve St. Cyr Groen appears for the first time as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, although readers of the *Magazine* are already acquainted with her poems which have been published at intervals since 1953. Mrs. Groen summarizes for us her family background and her literary work: "My childhood home was Minneapolis, Minnesota. My college work was done in Wisconsin, Illinois, and New York City. Although reared a devout Catholic, I married a member of the Latter-day Saints Church, Henry J. Groen, Salt Lake City artist, and when our first son Jay was two years old, in 1946, I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. A year later, when our second child Jo-Rene was an infant, we were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. We now have three more sons, Martin, David, and Meru. I have been active in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, including theology class leader, Singing Mothers chorus, and as a visiting teacher in Relief Society. At present I am working on the genealogy of my family name, and this year learned that I am a direct descendant of the persons known as Evangeline and Gabriel, portrayed by Longfellow in his poem on the Acadian exiles. I am a member of the Utah Poetry Society, the League of Utah Writers, and an annual member of the Writer's Conference, University of Utah.

DOROTHY J. ROBERTS

Third Prize Poem

Pilgrimage to Christmas

Dorothy J. Roberts

Peace is warmth and sound of pigeons, pining,
And silhouette of camels weaving by. . . .
I have fanned old ashes into ember
And overhead a star grows in the sky.

By rose or thorn the pilgrim paths return
And I will take the first, as once before,
Content to walk the dimly cloistered land
And lay no sole to sink beyond the shore.

For once, while he walked calmly, sea's horizon,
As Peter, sinking, I implored *his* name,
Reaching for help of parable and promise;
I could not walk the water till *he* came.

Upon that path I paced meridian.
The bitter thorn was doubt, a weapon then,
Yet as the nailed act of destruction, doubt
But crucified *him* into life again.

Now I have welded weapon into plowshare,
That, grain *he* savored on a Sabbath meal,
Nourish the flesh of speech; I have known famine
More vast than earthly appetite can feel.

Treading the rose's path of faith and wonder,
I find *his* healing hand held out to save,
His robe trailing the crested mount forever,
His sandaled signature upon the wave.

Dorothy J. Roberts' poems, many of them prize winners and frontispiece features, have appeared frequently in the *Magazine* since 1941. In the following sketch, Mrs. Roberts summarizes a number of experiences which have enriched her life: "One of my most rewarding roles through the years has been that of neighborhood bard, composing verses for family and social occasions. Often, it is a surprise and a joy to find that words one has written open avenues of rewarding exchange with the lives and hearts of others. In this way I have received wisdom, beauty, and compassion from both writers and nonwriters.

"I feel honored to receive an award in this year's Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest — a loved and looked-forward-to tradition and a highlight of the months. This summer I received third place in the poetry division of the Utah State Fine Arts Contest, and a sixth grandchild. These also brought proud and happy moments to my beloved husband L. Paul Roberts and myself."

Afterglow

Nancy M. Armstrong

THE colorful pink afterglow sparkled like frosted jewels on the snowy east mountains, left there by the last rays of the setting sun.

Many experiences in life leave just such a rich, warm afterglow: the happiness of friendship, the bliss of achievement long worked for, a favorite book many times reread, the memory of one much loved, though long departed, days amid the awesome beauty of God's creations, moments of real understanding shared with one's husband.

The deep, enduring values of life — love of home — love of family — love of friends — love of God — cast a roseate afterglow that permeates the whole of living.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, which was announced in the May 1960 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed August 15, 1960.

The first prize of seventy-five dollars is awarded to Hope M. Williams, Richfield, Utah, for her story "Grafted." The second prize of sixty dollars is awarded to Hazel K. Todd, Brigham City, Utah, for her story "The Happety Road." The third prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Kit J. Poole, Long Beach, California, for her story "Stranger at the Gate."

Mrs. Williams is a first-time winner in this contest; Mrs. Todd is a winner for the second time; and Mrs. Poole is a first-time winner.

The Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest was first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1942, as a feature of the Relief Society Centennial observance, and was made an annual contest in 1943. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication in a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1961. Fifty-eight stories were entered in the contest for 1960.

The contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The General Board feels that the response to this opportunity continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing. Women who are interested in entering the short story contest are reminded that for several years past, and continuing until May 1958, a helpful article on short story writing was published in the May or June issue of the *Magazine*.

Prize-winning stories are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board also reserves the right to publish any of the other stories submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rate.

A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The General Board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

First Prize-Winning Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Grafted

Hope M. Williams

HOPE M. WILLIAMS

"PUT 'er here! It's gonna' be a homer! Home it!"

These cries reached Janet's ears as she sat at her desk near the window. She lifted her head from her books to see her young nine-year-old son, Ronnie, slide free into home plate. A smile lingered on her face as she watched the tickled way he picked himself up, brushed off his pants, and received the well-earned pats on the back from the boys on his team. His face was damp and dusty, and one whole side of his levis was solid dirt despite the dusting routine, but the grin on his face showed pure joy.

I'm glad I didn't have that lot plowed for a garden, Janet thought, although it would have helped with the groceries. And Ronnie is so happy to have the boys come here to play. Besides, she confessed to herself, a garden is just too hard for me to take care of alone. She dismissed these thoughts from her mind and went back to the clippings and pictures before her.

Janet had been trying to get courage enough to work on her "Book of Remembrance" for some time, but could never quite get beyond the starting process. Just seeing some familiar thing of her husband's — a letter or a picture — brought back that painful tightness in her chest, so the boxes of clippings would be put away to await a braver day. This seemed to be that day, for she had finished several pages in the Ancestry section, copying their family group sheet again in black ink, remembering to write the word, *adopted*, after Ronnie's name, and to follow carefully the line across to record the date of his sealing. She had even been able to fill in the marriage and endowment dates opposite her husband's name, and, with a steady hand, the date in the deceased column, 25 Nov. 1954.

How close David seems to me today, Janet mused; almost as though he were actually with us again. And

that's the way it should be, she concluded calmly, as she pasted in a picture of herself and David beside Ronnie's picture, marked, Age — three years.

It had been nearly six years since the terrible accident that had taken David's life, and from which she and Ronnie, both badly bruised and broken, had miraculously survived. They had had only eight years of married life, and Ronnie had been with them just four short years when the tragedy occurred.

What a long time ago it seems, she thought, when the Child Welfare Department of the Relief Society called to tell us about our baby. In her memory Janet was back again with her husband on that never-to-be-forgotten day when they had brought Ronnie home. How sweet he was and how precious! How his little hands would fold about her outstretched finger! Could any parents have been more proud? Could any parents have prayed more fervently for their child than we did, I wonder? Hm-m — here's a picture of Ronnie when he sang, "Doggie in the Window," at that family reunion. Was he really just two years old? I'd better write that down — that's quite unbelievable! She picked up a picture showing Ronnie standing with an arm around each of them. That's just the way he stood in the car after he'd been sealed to us, and that's when he said, "Now I am Daddy's and Mommy's boy forever and ever!"

As she leafed through more pictures and papers thinking of that happy time, she noticed a poem that she had clipped from a magazine at a time when they had still been waiting for their adopted child. The poem was entitled, "To a Foster Child." She read it through, thinking as she did so how accurately the author had portrayed the emotion she had so often felt but had been unable to express. She read the last lines aloud, enjoying the rhythm and the poetry of the words:

. . . . The days have lengthened, listening
Toward your voice somewhere crying. . . .
The barren stalk seeks out its blossom,
Choice between wholeness and dying.
Let bone of bone, let flesh of flesh be part,
For stock, like seed, may fruit.
Love flowers fiercely in the heart
Grafted to heart by need.

(—Grace Maddock Miller, *McCall's*, April 1941. Reprinted by permission from *McCall's*.)

"Grafted by need," she replied. "That's a beautiful comparison!"

BANG! The whole house shook as Ronnie burst into the room, and Janet's reverie was abruptly interrupted.

"I'll never play with those kids again! I hate 'em all!" The words exploded from Ronnie as he bolted through the sunny kitchen and through the hall to his own bedroom where he again slammed the door. Silence followed; then Janet could hear sounds of muffled sobbing.

Oh, dear, she thought, feeling that familiar pain, and they were playing so nicely together, too. I wonder what went wrong. Silently she prayed, "Don't let him be hurt too much — not again; I can't bear it!"

"Ronnie?" Janet called softly.

No answer.

"Ronnie — what's the matter, honey?"

"Nuthin'," came the angry voice. "Just go away and let me alone!"

Janet winced at the rebuff but

decided that it would be best to do as he said, so she picked up the things from the table, the mood for reminiscing and working on books having vanished when the storm cloud in the form of a small boy burst in.

Half an hour had gone by when Janet heard Ronnie's door open, and the tear-stained face of her boy appeared.

"Those kids gone yet?" he mumbled as he started outside. "'Cause I sure don't want 'em around playing cars with me!" And without waiting for an answer, he went out to the familiar dirt pile where he had spent so many hours alone building roads and dugways and playing with his beloved friends — the cars and trucks.

Janet let him play while she prepared supper, purposefully keeping busy so that she could remain calm, and when it began to grow dark she was able to affect an almost cheerful quality in her tone as she called, "Hey, Chum, your supper is ready now, okay?"

"Okay," he answered simply and began picking up his playthings.

During the meal Janet tried to make conversation, talking cheerfully about small things and acting unconcerned, but Ronnie remained silent. The dark anger was gone from his brown eyes now, and only the hurt and sadness remained. Finally, Ronnie brought his eyes up from the untouched food on his plate and began hesitantly, "Mom, do you know why I said for you to go away? To leave me alone?"

"Oh,'" Janet smiled at him, "I just thought it was because boys want to be alone sometimes. Hmm?"

"No—not 'specially. It was — well, you know what we both said — that it was 'gainst the rule to cry about Daddy!"

"Oh? Were you crying about Daddy?"

"Well, sort of. You see, we got to talking about going on the Fathers' and Sons' Outing. And then — the kids said that I couldn't go 'cause I didn't have a father. And I told 'em I did, too, have a father but he was up in heaven! And then Tommy said — that — how could my father take me camping if he was up in heaven? And then, I said, that maybe Mr. Owens would take me like he did last year. And then Larry — you know Larry, Mama — he said that my daddy up in heaven wasn't my real daddy anyway 'cause I was adopted. And so — and then — I just told those kids to go home 'cause I was afraid I was about to cry!" And Ronnie's eyes filled again at the remembered injustice.

HOW cruel children are, Janet thought, as she sought for the right words to comfort him.

"But, sweetheart, you already knew you were adopted. I've told you about that — how your real daddy and mother couldn't take care of you, and how Daddy and I went to get you because we wanted you and needed you so very much."

"Uh-huh, I know. But I didn't stop to think about how I might have a real daddy somewhere. . . ." Ronnie was silent, wondering.

"I don't think the boys meant to be unkind, dear," said Janet, in the silence. "You see, sometimes it makes people feel important to be able to brag about having something others don't have. Each of those

boys has always had his daddy," Janet was dangerously close to tears herself, "and none of them can know how much we miss ours every single day — and most of all for special things like hunting, or on Christmas, or for Fathers' and Sons' Outing . . ." her voice broke and she couldn't go on.

"Don't cry, Mommy. Remember, crying about Daddy is against the rule!"

"Yes, I know," Janet wiped her eyes and smiled at her son, "but I sort of break the rule sometimes, don't you?"

"I sure do!" he replied. Then, thoughtfully, he added, "But I'm still not gonna' like those kids — 'specially Larry!" And with this parting remark he went to prepare for his bath and bed.

Janet's eyes were wet as she picked up the dishes. It isn't fair to have him hurt like that! I can stand it for myself but not for him. Her thoughts went back to the events of the afternoon — how happy she had felt about everything. And to have it end like this! Suddenly the words, "grafted by need" came so clearly to her mind that it was almost as though someone had spoken them. Peace filled her heart, and she smiled.

"Mom! Throw my jammies to me! Please?" Ronnie called from the bathroom. "I forgot again!"

"All right, Pal, but how about remembering them yourself one of these days, huh?"

"Okay," came the familiar promise.

Janet turned down the covers on his bed; then she brought in a glass of milk, knowing that he would be hungry for that, anyway. Always she found herself doing small things for his comfort, trying in some way to make up to him for the hurt he had received.

As Ronnie climbed into bed and received his usual goodnight kiss, he opened the subject again, unexpectedly.

"But, Mom, how come? If I have a real daddy somewhere, why couldn't he be here with us?"

JANET settled herself on the foot of his bed, smiled, and because the answer had been given to her, said calmly, "Honey, you've been taught in Primary and Sunday School about our first parents, and so you know that all living things have parents, don't you?"

"I know. But does everything, Mommy? Even the trees and flowers?"

"Yes, dear, every living thing has parents, but only two. And that's what I want to talk to you about. Do you remember that apple tree in Grandpa's orchard — the one that always has two different kinds of apples on it?"

"You mean that pretty one? And one of its branches has pinker blossoms than the others?"

"That's the one."

"I always liked that tree. And the apples are real good, too." His brown eyes brightened thoughtfully, and he went on to add, "But I always liked to climb that little short apple tree in the corner, 'cause its branches grow kinda' close to the ground and you can climb it real easy clear up past the place where it was cut off and Grandpa painted it, and then sit in the shady place where all the branches grow out together all thick."

Janet's face showed her pleasure that Ronnie had mentioned the other tree as she hastened to explain, "I'm glad you like that tree, honey, because it's part of the story, too.

"These two trees — the pretty one with different blossoms, and the little short one with thick branches — are very special trees in Grandpa's orchard. Once, both of these trees were having a very hard time to grow. When the short tree was young, a branch grew out from its trunk too soon, and as the little branch grew, it bent the trunk of the tree so much that Grandpa was sure the tree couldn't grow straight if he let it keep growing that way; it would be bent over because its trunk wasn't strong enough yet to bear a branch.

"Now, the tree with the different kinds of blossoms on it, didn't always have branches like it does now, either. The branches it did have were all growing on one side of the tree, making it unbalanced, and Grandpa knew that this tree needed another strong branch so that it would grow straight.

"Now, Grandpa is a good gardener. He knew what to do for both of those trees to make them grow straight and strong, and blossom, and bear fruit. So, he cut the one sturdy branch from the little young tree and grafted it into the empty space on the other tree, making sure that he sealed the bark around the graft so that the sturdy little branch would become as much a part of that tree as if it had always grown there. Then, when the little branch was cut from the young tree, the trunk of that tree straightened and grew and developed so that when new little branches started to grow, it was strong enough to bear them; and when the sturdy branch was grafted on to the other tree, that tree soon became even all around and it straightened and developed and bloomed like it does today."

"Gee, Mom, I think that's real neat!" Ronnie was pleased at the happy ending. "Grandpa was such a good gardener that he saved both of the trees and the little branch, too, huh?"

"Yes." Janet's voice reflected her gratitude that her son had understood the real meaning of her story, and she added very tenderly, "Our Heavenly Father is the very best Gardener of all, and he grafted you from the tree of the parents who started your growth, right into the empty place on our family tree just like Grandpa did with that little branch; and when we went to the temple and had you sealed to us, that's how our Heavenly Father sealed the graft and made you our very own little boy, and made us your real parents."

THE ball games went on as usual as the days passed, and the boys seemed to be the best of friends. As Janet trimmed the edges of the lawn, she could hear them talking, and out of the corner of her eye she saw Ronnie toss the ball nonchalantly into the air, catch it with one hand, straighten his cap, and say, "You know what? Mr. Owens asked me to go on the outing again. You know, I call him 'Daddy Ken' all the time — 'cause he doesn't have a boy — and my Dad isn't here either, so we just pretend. It's lots of fun. When it's time to go to bed, 'Daddy Ken' always says, 'Well, son, let's

hit the sack!' And I say, 'Okay.' Just like that. It's real neat, I think!"

"But, Gee Whiz, Ronnie!" countered Larry, "that's just pretending! We're all going with our own dads. Don't you wish you wuz like us?"

Janet's throat tightened in apprehension as she listened for Ronnie's answer.

"Not any more, I don't!" Ronnie bragged. "You see, it's like this. I was grafted from a apple tree, and now my Daddy in heaven is my real Daddy — and my Mom is my real Mother — 'cause their tree needed a branch more than the little tree in the corner. It grew lots of branches after I was cut off, so it doesn't need me anymore, but my Mom's tree sure does!"

Janet smiled as she saw the boys' mystified looks, and as she picked up her trimmers she heard Tommy say, "Yeah, I guess your Mom does need you now, Ronnie! 'Specially since your Daddy isn't here. But, c'mon, you guys, let's play ball!" And as Janet opened the door to go inside, she heard Larry's muttered exclamation, "A apple tree! Good grief!"

After Ronnie was asleep, Janet lay thinking of all that had happened, and she couldn't help but smile as she remembered Ronnie's mixed-up, but wise explanation. Much later, still unable to sleep, she got up and looked out of the window at the peaceful, starlit sky.

"It's all right, David," she whispered. "Our boy is growing strong to our family tree. Now he understands, also, darling, that 'love flowers fiercely in the heart, grafted to heart by need.' "

Hope Manwaring Williams was born in Vernal, Utah, to Leona Goodrich and D. Elmer Manwaring. Her parents now live in Salt Lake City and she has four sisters and one brother. "My husband Grant G. Williams is Assistant Supervisor of the Fish Lake National Forest at Richfield, Utah, and we are blessed with one son Nelson, a student at Brigham Young University. I am a graduate of Alterra High School, Roosevelt, Utah, and attended Utah State University at Logan. My early literary knowledge was gained from the wonderful stories from scriptures, good books, and Church magazines that were either read, told, or made available for my own reading by parents whose appreciation for the finer things always inspired me. My teaching experience in Church auxiliaries has been good training, and my years as theology and literature class leader in Relief Society have been especially helpful. I am now serving as a counselor in the Second Ward Relief Society, Sevier Stake. The story 'Grafted' was inspired by true circumstances. This story and one published last year in the *Deseret News* ('The Christmas I Remember Best') are my only submitted manuscripts."

Thanks for Five Senses

Iris W. Schow

I offer thanks for these today:
The fragrance of the pine and rose;
For the delight it brings to hear
The cadences of song and prose;

For taste of cranberry and grape;
The feel of children's curly hair;
And for the sight of chapel spires
Reaching heavenward to guide us there.

Temple Square in Salt Lake City

BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

Part III

Preston Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

As related in a previous article, the cornerstones of the Salt Lake Temple were laid on April 6, 1853. Work on the foundation of the great building began almost immediately thereafter, and continued until the summer of 1857 when, on account of the approach of Johnston's Army, all public work of the Church in Salt Lake Valley was temporarily discontinued, as President Young did not know what action the army might take against the people of Utah. Fortunately, no harmful action was taken, and with the approach of the Civil War, in the spring of 1861, the soldiers peacefully departed for the East and South, and the citizens of Salt Lake City and Utah resumed their customary activities.

Meantime, in order to protect the Temple foundation, President Young had had the excavation filled with earth, and leveled to look like an ordinary field. When the soldiers departed, work on the foundation began again, and by this time

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

GRANITE FOUNDATION FOR THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE

Photograph, taken about 1868, shows the granite blocks which were substituted for the original foundation which was made of red sandstone. Old Tabernacle in background at left, and the new Tabernacle in the background at the right.

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE IN 1879

Photograph taken two years after the death of President Brigham Young, and during the presidency of John Taylor, shows workmen, visitors, and hoisting machinery used to lift the granite blocks.

the President had decided to build the Temple with granite rock from Little Cottonwood Canyon. He therefore had all the old foundation removed, and the work started anew.

It took ten years to put in the great foundation of the Temple. When it reached the level of the ground, in 1871, it was sixteen feet wide at the base and nine feet wide at the top. Up to this time, all the rock had been hauled from the canyon in wagons, but, in 1873, a narrow gauge railroad was constructed to the quarry, and from that time on the rock was shipped to the Temple by rail.

As the years passed and as his age advanced, President Young became more and more anxious to have the Temple completed. At the October Conference in 1876, he said to the saints:

To the people of Weber County, Davis County, Morgan and Summit Counties, Salt Lake County, Tooele and Utah Counties, with the people east and west, I will say, Go to work and finish the Temple in this city forthwith. Can you accomplish the work, you Latter-day Saints of these several counties? Yes! That is a question I can answer readily. You are perfectly able to do it. The question is, have you the necessary faith? Have you sufficient of the Spirit of God in your hearts to say, yes, by the help of God our father, we will erect this building to his name. . . . Go to now with your might

and your means, and finish this Temple (*Contributor* 14:267).

Unfortunately, the great pioneer President, Brigham Young, died on August 31, 1877, less than a year after the above words were spoken. The walls of the Temple were then about twenty feet above the ground. Personally, I have always regretted that he did not live to see the beautiful building completed, which he had fostered from the beginning.

President John Taylor succeeded Brigham Young as President of the Church, and he pushed the building of the Temple forward with all the vigor and determination of his predecessor. By 1879 it had reached the height shown on the previous page. Four years later, in 1883, the walls were up to the square, and, in 1887, the work on the towers was well advanced.

Unfortunately again, it was during this year that President John Taylor died. Another notable person who passed away, in 1887, was Truman O. Angell, the Temple architect, who had supervised the work from the beginning.

It is also interesting to note at this time that the superintendent of construction was James Moyle, grandfather of President Henry D. Moyle. He had worked on the Temple Block as an expert stone mason for many years.

II

THE Salt Lake Temple was completed, the capstone was laid, and the dedicatory services were held during the administration of President Wilford Woodruff, who had succeeded John Taylor as President of the Church, in 1887. For an eye-witness account of these events I shall quote from an article written by James H. Anderson and published in the *Contributor* in April 1893.

"The Temple was hastened towards completion as fast as circumstances would allow, and so close was this task to accomplishment, that April 6, 1892, was fixed as the date for laying the capstone. . . . As the sixth of April drew near, the wave of joy which swept over the hearts of the Saints was visible in all their associations. It was to them a day of triumph, for which they had patiently toiled, many of them the greater part of a lifetime. . . .

"The conference began on Sunday, April 3, 1892. The theme in which a large share of interest was taken at the meetings, was that of temples, their object and uses. In this connection, the fourth and closing day April 6th, presented a deeply impressive scene. At the morning meeting in the Tabernacle, the spacious building was closely packed with people. . . . Lorenzo Snow, President of the Twelve Apostles, instructed the people in the 'hosanna shout,' the words being those introduced by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the Kirtland Temple. It was a sacred shout, used only on extraordinary occasions. President Woodruff then briefly addressed the congregation:

" 'If there is any scene on the face of the earth,' he said, 'that will attract the attention of the God of Heaven and the heavenly host, it is the one before us today — the assembling of this people, the shout of Hosanna, the laying of the top-

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

THE TEMPLE IN 1892 AT THE TIME OF THE PLACING OF THE CAPSTONE

This was a sacred and memorable occasion which took place during the April Annual General Conference of 1892, conducted by President Wilford Woodruff. Thousands of saints assembled to view the magnificent granite edifice and to take part in the "Hosanna Shout," the words of which were first used by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the dedication of the Kirtland Temple.

stone of this Temple in honor to our God.

" 'My brethren and sisters, we want to finish this Temple; we want to dedicate it to God, as soon as we can, so that the vast host who dwell in this region of country, may go into it and attend to the ordinances for their living and their dead. . . . The work before us is now a most important event — the most important that we have upon our hands' " (*Contributor* 14:271).

The meeting was dismissed and the multitude of saints gathered around the Temple as shown in the picture at the top of this page. "Just as the hour of noon was reached, President Wilford Woodruff stepped to the front of the platform in full view of the assembled multitude. . . . A thrill went through the hearts of the people as he spoke:

" 'Attention, all ye house of Israel, and all ye nations of the earth! We will now lay the topstone of the Temple of our God, the foundation of which was laid and dedicated, by the Prophet, Seer and Revelator, Brigham Young.' "

President Woodruff then pressed an electric button, and the Temple capstone moved into place.

"The scene that followed," relates James H. Anderson, "was beyond the power of language to describe. The venerable president of the Twelve Apostles, Lorenzo

Snow, came forward and led forty thousand Saints in shouting in concert:

" 'Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! to God and the Lamb. Amen, Amen, Amen!'

"This shout was given three times, and was accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs. The eyes of thousands were moistened in tears in the fulness of their joy. . . . The ground seemed to tremble with the volume of sound which sent forth its echoes to the surrounding hills. A grander or more imposing spectacle than this ceremony of laying the Temple capstone is not recorded in history. The hosannas had scarcely ceased when the vast congregation burst forth in the glorious inspirational hymn beginning: 'The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!' "

III

SHORTLY after the laying of the capstone of the Salt Lake Temple, the First Presidency of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith, issued a letter to the members of the Church, of which the following is a paragraph:

> This Temple at Salt Lake City has long been in process of erection. By the 6th of April next, (1893) forty years will have elapsed since the laying of the foundation stones. It seems proper then, that the expiration of that period should witness its dedication. We trust that no exertions will be spared to accomplish this end (*Contributor* 14:281).

Accordingly, the brethren entrusted with the task of finishing the Temple, went to work with a new will and determination, and at the expiration of the allotted time, they were proud to announce that the great building was ready for dedication.

On April 6, 1893, twenty-five hundred people were admitted to the Temple auditorium, and President Wilford Woodruff, eighty-six years of age, read the dedicatory prayer. I shall quote a few paragraphs from this beautiful prayer:

"We thank thee, our God, that thou didst enable thy servant Joseph Smith, to build two temples, in which ordinances were administered for the living and the dead; that he also lived to send the Gospel to the nations of the earth, and to the islands of the sea, and labored exceedingly until he was martyred for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.

"We also thank thee, our Father in Heaven, that thou didst raise up thy servant Brigham Young, who held the keys of thy priesthood on the earth for many years, and who lead thy people to these valleys of the mountains, and laid the corner stone of this great Temple and dedicated it unto thee, and who did direct the building of three other Temples in these Rocky Mountains, which have been dedicated unto thy holy name in which Temples many thousands of the living have been blessed and the dead redeemed. . . .

"O Lord, we regard with intense and indescribable feelings the completion of this sacred house. Deign to accept this fourth Temple, which thy covenant children have been assisted by thee in erecting in these mountains.

"In past ages thou didst inspire with thy Holy Spirit, the Prophets,

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

TEMPLE SQUARE ABOUT 1895

This photograph, showing the Assembly Hall (left), the Tabernacle (center), and the Temple (right), was taken about 1895, some two years after the dedication of the Temple (in 1893), and before the Brigham Young Monument (in the circle) was moved to Main Street in 1897.

to speak of a time in the latter days when the mountain of the Lord's House should be establshed in the top of the mountains and should be exalted above the hills. We thank thee that we have had the glorious opportunity of contributing to the fulfillment of these visions of thine ancient seers and that thou hast condescended to permit us to take part in the great work. . . .

"We come before thee with joy and thanksgiving, with spirits jubilant and hearts filled with praise, that thou hast permitted us to see this day for which, during these forty years, we have hoped, toiled and prayed, when we can dedicate unto thee this house, which we have built to thy most glorious name. . . . Today we dedicate the whole unto thee, with all that pertains to it, that it may be holy in thy sight; that it may be a home of prayer, a house of praise and worship; that thy glory may rest upon it; and that thy holy presence may be continually in it; that it may be the abode of thy well-beloved Son, our Savior (*Contributor* 14:294).

Thus was the Salt Lake Temple dedicated, on April 6, 1893.

(*To be continued*)

Love Is Enough

Chapter 1

Mabel Harmer

THE bus swung around a corner and jerked to a sudden stop. Geniel, looking idly out of the windows, smiled at the sight of a teen-age boy trying to balance a stick on his chin. She was waiting to see how long he could balance it, when the driver called, "Blayney! This is your stop, Lady."

She stood up and reached for her hatbox on the shelf. As she made her way to the door several of the passengers, in the friendly comraderie of bus travel, called, "Goodbye. Hope you enjoy your winter."

"Goodbye. Thank you," she called back and was assisted down from the high steps by the driver. He brought out her bags and was on his way again in a couple of minutes. She was the only passenger for Blayney, Idaho, population 2300.

She lugged her heavy bags over to the store, which served as ticket and loading office. The freckled-faced boy watched her unconcernedly.

Geniel walked into the store and waited until the owner had finished with his single customer. "Could you tell me how to find Mrs. Willett's boarding house?" she asked.

"It's just two blocks north. A big two-story green house. You can't miss it."

"But I have some bags. I can't carry them."

"Bring them in here. I'll drop them off on my way home from work tonight."

"Thank you very much," said Geniel hesitantly. It didn't seem to be the best idea in the world, but she had no choice. She brought in the larger of the bags, intending to carry the smaller one herself. Then she had a better idea. "Could I hire you to carry this bag down to Mrs. Willett's house?" she asked of the boy who was standing on the sidewalk. "What is your name?"

"Yeah, I guess," he replied, taken unawares. "My name is Fred."

He picked up the bag and started down the street.

"I am Miss Whitworth," said Geniel pleasantly. "I'm going to teach school here this year."

"You won't like it," her companion promised with finality.

"Indeed! And why not?"

"Oh, I dunno. You just won't."

There seemed to be no point in arguing the matter, so Geniel turned her attention to the town. They had passed the business district, consisting of three stores, the post office, and the ward chapel. On the next corner was a huge red brick house, the type that had been built in the 90's and was usually referred to as a mansion.

"My, but that's a big house!" she exclaimed. "Does a family live there?"

"No family. Just the Duchess."

"The Duchess?" asked Geniel in mixed surprise and amusement.

"Her real name is Miss Blayney," Freckles explained. "But everyone calls her the Duchess. Not to her

face, of course. Her grandpa built this town. He owned about all the land. She runs the town. You won't like her."

The long speech seemed to have exhausted Fred, and he stopped to shift the bag to the other hand.

"I won't like the town and I won't like the Duchess," smiled Geniel. "Tell me, is there anything I will like?"

"Oh, sure. There's good fishing over there on Silver Creek. And I guess there're some pretty good dances. Anyway, you're sort of pretty."

"Thank you very much," replied Geniel gravely. She supposed there was some connection between her being sort of pretty and having a good time at the dances.

"This is it," was the boy's next remark, turning in at a large two-story, green frame house. He deposited the bag on the steps and turned to leave.

"Here, wait!" called Geniel, opening her handbag.

"Aw, that's all right." He waved her off airily and sauntered back to the walk.

"Well, thank you very much, Fred," she called. "I enjoyed meeting you."

GENIEL walked up the steps and rang the doorbell. It was answered in a minute by a very plump, very pleasant looking woman in her fifties. "Oh, Miss Whitworth," she called heartily, "do come in. I've been expecting you."

"Thank you," Geniel smiled. She reflected that Fred evidently hadn't known Mrs. Willett. He couldn't possibly have said, "You won't like her."

"Your room is in the northwest corner upstairs," said Mrs. Willett. "You may go right up, if you like, and lay off your things. I'm busy getting dinner, but come down and sit in the kitchen now — or any time. Is that all you brought?"

"The man at the store is bringing my large bag this evening. Fred carried this one over for me."

She climbed the stairs and entered the room. It was large and cheerful looking, with fluffy white curtains at the windows. Number two on the credit side, Fred, she said to herself. I'm going to like this room.

She set her bag on a chair and walked over to the west window. A few houses lined the street on the opposite side and beyond were fields, brown now, after relinquishing their harvest, and rimmed in the distance by the purple mountains.

She turned, removed her hat and light coat, and began to unpack her bag. The toilet articles she placed on the dresser along with two photographs, one of her family, the other of a young man. You'd be on Fred's side, she remarked mentally to the man in the photo. You wouldn't care much for this town. There doesn't seem to be enough enterprise. But it's very pretty, and I'm going to like it — I think.

There was nothing more she could do in her room, and it was slightly chilly so she decided to go downstairs. On one side of the long hallway she had glimpsed a living room and she decided to go there instead of accepting Mrs. Willett's invitation to the kitchen. She was pleased to find another of the boarders already there — a tall, rather slender woman, probably in her

early forties. She was saved from being rather plain by a pair of deep blue, sparkling eyes and a quick, pleasant smile.

"Hello," she said, rising and holding out her hand. "I'm Christine Lacy. We are fellow teachers, as well as boarders, so we'll be seeing a lot of each other."

"How nice," said Geniel, returning the smile and the warm handclasp.

They both sat down in front of the large fireplace where a single burning log gave more of an illusion of warmth than anything very real.

"I do hope you're going to like it here," said Christine earnestly.

"Oh, I'm sure that I shall," replied Geniel, "although I was warned very definitely that I wouldn't by a freckled-faced boy, Fred, who carried my bag here."

"That would be Freddy Mitchell, and there's only one like him, thank goodness. I've been here for fourteen years and like it well enough to stay on — or else I'm in a dreadful rut. Is this your first year of teaching?"

"No. I taught in the Denver schools for two years."

"That's interesting. I mean, it's rather unusual for anyone to leave a large city to come out to a small town like this. Evidently you like a change."

"Yes," Geniel agreed simply. There were much stronger reasons for the move than merely liking a change, but she wasn't going to explain them. Not at the moment, anyway. "How many boarders are there?" she asked.

"Just three, including yourself. The other one is Marva Eberhart, another teacher. She's still in California on her vacation, but she should be back tomorrow. You'll like her."

THE call to dinner stopped any further discussion. The food was already on the table, and Mrs. Willett sat down comfortably with them. "It sure is nice to have one more in the family," she commented. "It's been pretty lonesome this summer with just the two of us here."

"I can soon take care of that," said a voice in the doorway, and Geniel turned to see a tall, bronzed young man in plaid shirt and levis.

"Oh, come on in, Jeff," said Mrs. Willett. "I'll get you a plate. I suppose you're hungry."

"You suppose correctly, Madam," he replied, giving her cheek a kiss in passing. "And my timing is perfect, as usual."

He had put a chair up to the table and sat down before Christine had a chance to say, "This hungry young man is Jeffry Burrows, Mrs. Willett's nephew. Miss Whitworth, Jeff."

"Hi," responded Jeff, briefly but warmly. "Are you a schoolteacher, too?"

"Yes, you can always tell, can't you?" smiled Geniel.

"No, not at all. Now, Miss Lacy here, upon a casual meeting I would take her to be a lion tamer in a circus. And Aunt Allie here, I would most certainly spot as being a lady cop. Actually, I was hoping that you were a veterinarian. Our only one has left for greener fields, and I've been praying that one would come and settle down in our midst."

"Jeff is a rancher," explained his

aunt. "Only all of his cattle and horses are fancy breeds with fancy names."

"And fancy sicknesses," added Jeff. "Right now half of my summer's profits are tied up in a heifer that I would swear is a hypochondriac. I can't find a blamed thing the matter with her, but, if I didn't humor her every day, she'd lie down and die."

"And the more temperamental they act, the better you like it," said Mrs. Willett. "It makes you all the more sure that they aren't like ordinary animals."

"It's what they cost that makes me sure of that," he said. "But why worry about that when I have all this elegant beef stroganoff, topped by gooseberry pie — I hope?"

"Apple, tonight," Mrs. Willett corrected him.

Shortly after he had eaten and left, a voice from the porch called,

"Hey, tell that teacher I brought her baggage!"

Geniel jumped up from the table and hurried to the door. "Thank you so much," she said. "If you'll wait just a minute I'll run upstairs and get my purse."

"Oh, that's okay." The storekeeper waved aside her offer. "Don't bother. I just dropped it off on my way home from work."

He walked off almost before she could thank him, and Geniel lugged the heavy bag inside. She was wondering how she could manage to get it up the stairs when Christine came out. "Let me help you," she offered. "I believe that between the two of us we can get it up."

They each took hold and struggled up the rather narrow stairway and down to the room.

"Sit down and rest while I unpack," Geniel suggested. "That is, unless you have something else you'd rather do."

"No, there's nothing," answered Christine, and Geniel could tell that she was pleased at the invitation.

"That's a nice looking young man on the dresser," she said, indicating the photo. "Is he yours?"

"Well, yes and no," answered Geniel with a smile. "I've been going with him for a long time — years in fact, and there has been sort of an understanding between us, if you know what I mean. But there isn't a definite engagement. Actually, that's the real reason I came out here. I'm not at all sure that I love him enough for marriage — even if he sets a date — or asks me at all, although I'm rather sure that he will in time. The trouble with him is that he wants to get what he calls a start in life. He is part owner now of a shoe store and is doing well, but it isn't enough to suit him. I thought it might help both of us to make up our minds if I left for a year — so you see. . . ."

CHRISTINE looked thoughtful for a moment. "Yes, I suppose I do," she answered. "But believe me, love isn't everything."

"No, I suppose not," agreed Geniel. "But it is awfully important."

"Yes, it is important, but I think that sometimes a young girl can attach too much importance to romance. I did. And that's why I'm out here in the sticks teaching school instead of rearing a family. It was a terrible mistake."

Geniel stopped to shake the wrinkles out of a printed silk dress before putting it on a hanger.

"Would you care to tell me?" she asked. "I honestly have been doing a lot of thinking and praying about it. I don't want to make any mistake. It means too much."

"It means everything," agreed Christine. "And I will tell you my story, although I never have before." She looked out at the growing darkness, fingering a silver link bracelet.

"I was going with a young man back home — I grew up in a town in Southern Utah — and he wanted to marry me. But I didn't think I loved him enough. He had every quality, almost, that any girl would want in a husband. That is, he was active in Church work, had no bad habits, and had a pretty good job. But I never could get excited about him. I didn't care whether he called me up or not. If we went out with another couple I didn't have much fun. I decided it just wasn't enough."

"And rightly, I would say," Geniel broke in emphatically.

"That's what I thought at the time, so I turned him down. He married another girl, and they had five children — rather close together. A lot of people were sorry for her, but I wasn't one of them. I would have given my life any time to have been able to claim them for mine. I had to get away. I couldn't bear to see them grow up and realize what I had missed."

"And that's why you came up here?" Geniel asked sympathetically.

"Yes, but I haven't been able to get away, really. I've kept track of all of them. Two of the boys have been on missions and have achieved outstanding success. The girls are lovely. I could have gloried in all of their successes. Instead, I gave it up because some of the thrills of romance were missing. If you have a chance to marry a good man I hope you'll take it."

GENIEL sat down on the bed. "You may be right," she said thoughtfully, "to some extent, I'm sure you are. But I can't help thinking how wonderful it would be to feel so much love for a man that you figured you couldn't live without him. I remember my sister Marcie on her wedding day. She was simply radiant with joy. I want that, too."

"Of course you do. It's what every girl wants, just as every girl would like to be pretty and popular. But some are very plain. Life is like that. It's up to us to make the best of it."

"I know," Geniel agreed, "and that's what I hope to do. Thanks so much for telling me your story." She went over to the dresser and picked up the picture. "You know Ernest Wood is really very earnest. And the entire decision isn't on my side. Maybe he needs to make up his mind about me, too. Anyway, I think being apart this year will help a lot. We might have gone drifting on for the next ten, otherwise. I honestly do want to get married — and I want to marry a good man."

"I'm sure you do. Every normal, sensible girl does. Well, I'll leave you alone now. I'm sure you must want some rest after that long bus ride."

"Oh, but I'm really not tired at all!" Geniel protested.

"Then I'm sure that you must be

(*Continued on page 71*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE GREAT AND GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA: The death of Queen Victoria has caused not only sincere sorrow and deep and heartfelt mourning in Great Britain, but there is a universal feeling in all the civilized world that the greatest sovereign of her time has departed. In fact she is spoken of as the greatest without making comparisons . . . . Her life reads like a fable almost, so grand have been her virtues and so numerous the honors that have come to her unsought by herself. . . .

—Editorial

THE NEW CENTURY

When in the dim, gray East shall rise,
The morning of thy birth —
When thy first dawn steps from the skies
Upon the hills of earth —
Shall waiting nations breathless stand
Oppressed with haunting fears,
Of what thou holdest in thy hand,
Thou coming Hundred Years?

—Jennie Betts Hartswick

AN ALLEGORY: I stand on the narrow strip of land called The Present, between the great Ocean of the Past and the mighty Sea of the Future. Behind me the circling waves stretch backward into the fading distance of the unknown. Before me the ripples break at my feet, casting here and there a pebble or a sparkling shell from the Eternal Shores. There are great ships on the ocean behind me, all sailing into my port of The Present; some bear the name of Science, some of Learning and some of Art; in most there is the sound of pleasure and the incense of selfish thought. How few there be that fly the pennon of peace, and fewer still that carry at their mast-head the Figure on the Cross. . . .

—Susa Young Gates

RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN OAKLEY, CASSIA COUNTY, IDAHO: The meeting was held in the new society hall, the principal object being the dedication of the building to the purpose for which it was erected, President Isabel Martindale presiding. . . . President Martindale felt pleased that the hall had been so far completed that we could have it dedicated, and knew that the Lord had blessed the society in the endeavor to build a comfortable place to meet in. . . . Stake President Louisa Haight was glad in meeting with the sisters, and that they had been blessed so much that they had been able to build so beautiful a hall, and that it was so nearly out of debt. . . .

—J. N. Price, Sec. *pro tem.*

HONORS FOR AN AUTHOR: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was an honored guest at the banquet of the Daughters of Vermont on the last night of the old year, and was introduced by the president of the club, Mrs. Sallie Joy White, as one of Massachusetts', America's and the world's loved daughters.

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. GOLDA MEIR, the Israeli Foreign Minister, and delegate to the United Nations, is a respected leader in her own country, and is achieving much appreciation among world leaders for her efforts in behalf of peace. She has advised the heads of state of the newly independent African nations to forget the bitter experiences of the past and to build anew without the illusion that political independence will provide an "automatic solution to all problems."

MRS. HELEN POMEROY, a Latter-day Saint wife and mother, of Superior, Arizona, has been re-elected by the Superior Business and Professional Women, as Woman of the Year. For many years an officer in the organization, Mrs. Pomeroy has been active in many community and Church organizations, and works as secretary in her husband's law, real estate, and insurance office.

ZARA NELSOVA, one of the world's greatest cellists, made her debut at the age of eleven, with the London Symphony Orchestra. One of her most acclaimed selections is Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo." The composer recently requested Nelsova to play this composition at a London festival in his honor.

TAY THOMAS, wife of Lowell Thomas, Jr., explorer and commentator, has written an interesting account of the adventures of the Thomas family, Lowell, Sr., Lowell, Jr., herself, and two-year-old daughter, Anne, while exploring America's last frontier and forty-ninth State, Alaska. Her book *Follow the North Star* is published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York.

THE Society of Women Engineers reports that 1,035 women are now enrolled in undergraduate engineering in accredited universities in the United States. Deans of several schools of engineering have expressed a belief that there are many engineering opportunities within the capabilities of women.

DR. RUTH UNDERHILL, regarded as an authority in the field of American anthropology and Indian studies, has been giving a most interesting series of programs on American Indians on National Educational Television. She demonstrated the customs, costumes, and living conditions of Indians in various parts of America. Dr. Ruth Prins is another anthropologist devoted to studying Indians. She tells stories for children and young people about Indians all over the world.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 JANUARY 1961 NO. 1

And Tell of Time

To every thing there is a season, and to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak (Eccles. 3:1, 7).

THE scriptures tell us that every season and every year have specific purposes, and to their intervals are assigned such activities as the planting and the harvesting. Into the span of our lives come sorrow and rejoicing, birth and growth and death. If there is an acceptance of time in its eternal continuity, and of the gifts it provides for our development and ultimate perfection, then we can rejoice in the full seasons, in the festive holidays, in the winter months, and in the year's turning.

That which is beautiful, which is beneficial and uplifting, comes to us as blessings on our heads, life dividends, for which gratitude should be daily expressed in prayers and thankfulness. Always we should think of time as a supreme gift. Each interval of time which has been particularly rewarding and radiant is a legacy of lasting worth, a time to be cherished over again, "like the golden haze of remembered days over a woman's eyes" — never to be lost.

But what shall we say of those days and years, perhaps, when an interval of time may be clouded for us, when disappointment, discouragement, sorrow may have become a part of our allotted time? The earth itself, and the people of earth help us to find surcease of sorrow. In those times when one must wait for healing, and the interval of time seems long, there are many paths that will take us at least into partial sunlight, and into a place where the lattice work of shadows may turn again to full sunlight.

Usually, it is activity that brings us to a rewarding use of our time — which, at best, will be brief upon the earth. Many women find delight in their gardens, in the rose and in the lily, in the velvety faces of pansies and the cupped petals of columbine. Even the feel of the soil is good, and the turning of the loam and the tending of plants provide immeasurable delight. Some women, when troubled, can erase more than dust upon the windows by giving the glass a polish, and at the same time polishing away some of the temporary concerns of a passing day. There is quiet comfort in watching a winter sparrow or a springtime lark in melody of movement on a tracery of boughs. Always available to us are the scriptures, with their ancient and eternal wisdom, their shining words of faith and courage.

We can gain strength by bending down and lifting the burdens of others—enter any door in any neighborhood and find a need. Even a small offering taken to a home where there is illness or loss, may illuminate a segment of time for

someone else. A small potted plant, a single blossom, a lunch for the homebound at noon, these may brighten time and companion it with shared blessings. One woman, whenever she heard of the illness of a neighbor, would quickly stitch up a gay-colored apron, and would take it to the homebound woman, saying, "Hurry up and get well. This apron needs some wear." And there is much a new apron can do by way of encouragement in a gray interval of time.

We are of those spirits who once accepted with rejoicing the gift of time, the opportunity of life upon the earth. We are among those spirits who have been given direction by precept and by command to use well the gift of time, which is life, here and hereafter. —V. P. C.

Singing Mothers to Present Music at Dedication of Hyde Park Chapel in London

AT the invitation of the First Presidency, two hundred and fifty Relief Society Singing Mothers, under the direction of Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, will present music for the dedication of the Hyde Park Chapel in London in February 1960. Two hundred of these Singing Mothers will represent the British Mission, the North British Mission, and the Manchester Stake. The remaining fifty Singing Mothers will come from America to join their British sisters at the dedication. Dr. Frank W. Asper will accompany the Singing Mothers on the new 2,535 pipe organ, one of the finest and most flexible organs in London. President Belle S. Spafford will officially represent Relief Society. Following the dedication of the chapel, the Singing Mothers, accompanied by Dr. Asper, will appear in concert at the Royal Albert Hall in London, the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, and will present concerts in Scotland and Wales. Among the featured soloists will be Annette Richardson Dinwoodey, formerly of Salt Lake City, now living in London, and Jean Taverner, a noted English lyric soprano.

The chapel, located in the cultural center of London, will be eighty-seven feet tall, surmounted by a gold spire reaching another thirty-six feet. In the center of the tower will be a lovely stained glass window forty feet high. An invitation to the thousands of passersby to hear the gospel message is provided near the entrance to the chapel where a button can be pressed which releases a loud speaker that presents in brief and beautiful words the history of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

It will indeed be joyful tidings to Relief Society women throughout the world to know that their voices and their ideals will be represented by their sisters on the occasion of the dedication of the lovely chapel in the heart of this world-famous city. It will be a time of rejoicing for the world-wide sisterhood.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 5, 1961, has again been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society. A suggestive program for this meeting has been sent to the stakes in pamphlet form. It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediatcly to arrange for this meeting. It is suggested that the ward Relief Society chorister and organist confer with the ward president and carefully select from the ward music library the songs for this occasion which seem to be the most appropriate and the most inspirational.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1960 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1961.

Bound Volume of 1960 Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1960 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement in this issue of the *Magazine*.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.75, leather $4.20, including the index. A limited number of the 1959 *Magazines* are available at the offices of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah, for $2 for twelve issues. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1960 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Hymn of the Month — Annual List

January to December 1961

THE Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake Relief Society choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at leadership meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

January	Come, Let Us Anew Charles Wesley - James Lucas	No. 17
February	Choose the Right James L. Townsend - Henry A. Tuckett	No. 110
March	Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee Bernard of Clairvaux - John B. Dykes	No. 148 (Easter)
April	We Are Sowing H. A. Tuckett	No. 192
May	There Is Beauty All Around (Love at Home)	No. 169
June	O God, The Eternal Father William W. Phelps - Felix Mendelssohn	No. 125
July	Sweet Is the Work, My God, My King James Crystal - Frank W. Asper	No. 168
August	Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words Joseph L. Townsend - Ebenezer Beesley	No. 94
September	Nearer, Dear Savior, to Thee Joseph L. Townsend - William Clayson	No. 117
October	Lead Kindly Light John Henry Newman John B. Dykes	No. 112
November	Have I Done Any Good? Will L. Thompson - Will L. Thompson	No. 58
December	More Holiness Give Me Philip Paul Bliss - Philip Paul Bliss	No. 114

Prevent Crippling Diseases

Basil O'Connor
President, The National Foundation

THE National Foundation, parent organization of the New March of Dimes, has not only kept pace with the great strides made in medical research towards the solution of health problems, but, in many areas, has also assumed a leadership role in the effort to improve health standards in the Nation.

"Prevent Crippling Diseases" is the theme of the 1961 New March of Dimes. This is the purpose for the dimes and dollars which will come from every corner of the Nation . . . to protect human life through scientific research . . . to help educate young health workers so desperately needed by the entire Nation . . . to give dignity to lives shattered by paralytic polio, by certain birth defects, by rheumatoid arthritis.

The New March of Dimes is on its way . . . on its way to solving two other great medical problems with the same skills that were brought to bear against polio and produced the Salk vaccine . . . on its way to do the job that needs doing against birth defects and arthritis.

Over the years, National Foundation research has been unique in the voluntary health field because it has not been oriented to a single disease. Instead, it has concentrated on the whole field of virus research and thus the findings have had a bearing on the whole field of disease and disability.

Today, viruses are valuable tools for National Foundation-supported scientists engaged in basic research on human cells. This work promises to have an important bearing both on genetics and cancer research. Some March-of-Dimes-supported scientists are particularly concerned with the possible relationship between viruses and birth defects.

Prevent crippling diseases. Please say YES to the NEW MARCH OF DIMES.

Hidden Harmonies

Maude O. Cook

Have you ever heard the day break,
Or the shades of evening fall?
Have you listened to the music of the spheres?
Have you caught the silken rustle
of the seasons as they pass?
Have you hearkened to the tramp of marching years?
Are there whispers in the twilight
Speaking solace to the heart,
Bringing peace and comfort to dispel the fears?
Is the air about us vibrant —
Filled with hidden harmonies —
Tones too subtle to be heard by mortal ears?

Julia Anderson Kirby Specializes in Hardanger Work

JULIA Anderson Kirby, Logan, Utah, is a specialist in the exacting art of Hardanger, a type of handwork which is very beautiful and decorative, though practically unknown in many areas today. Hardanger handwork, named from a district in Norway, consists of intricate and various designs of drawnwork in squares and diamonds and other patterns. Recently Mrs. Kirby presented a lovely Hardanger cloth to the Logan Temple.

An enthusiastic artist at other types of handwork, Mrs. Kirby crochets, knits, embroiders, makes many useful articles with applique designs, and is an expert at ceramics. Her children, grandchildren, and friends have been given many exquisite articles of her handwork.

Widowed in young womanhood, with three children to rear, she learned industry and responsibility. She was converted to the Church in 1923, and later married John J. Kirby. She has served faithfully in the women's auxiliaries of the Church and has been a visiting teacher and a member of the work meeting committee in Relief Society. Her family now includes twelve grandchildren and eighteen great-grandchildren.

Acts

Padda M. Speller
Rayleigh, Essex, England

To say "I love thee" costs me naught,
Mere words and nothing more,
But the obedience I have wrought
Proclaims "Thee I adore."

Fun to Make and Wear

Shirley Thulin

MAKE these two attractive outfits for schooldays. They are easy to make and a joy to wear.

Reminiscent of Grandma's patchwork quilt, is this patchwork skirt. The teenager in your home will love wearing it to classes. She may even want to make it herself. It is simple to make and is a good way to use leftover cotton prints from former sewing projects.

The "Jiffy Jumper" also, is simple to make and fun to wear, and it is practical.

Patchwork Skirt

For the patchwork skirt you will need: 18 yards of rickrack, a 7-inch zipper, and five different colored cotton prints, 3/4 of a yard of each. These directions are for a 27 to 28 inch long skirt. You can lengthen or shorten it, as needed, by cutting the squares a little smaller or larger.

To cut fabric:

1. Cut from each separate print, 4 rectangles 10 inches wide and 11 inches long.

2. Cut only one waistband from one print to your waist measure, plus two inches.

To make patchwork:

1. First tier—seam together patches on the 10-inch sides, using one of each print. Then repeat in the same order, having 10 patches in one tier. Press all the seams open flat.

2. Second tier—repeat the entire first tier, starting with second print. Be sure to press all the seams.

3. Third tier—seam together patches on 11-inch side as above, starting with the third print.

4. Join the tiers together horizontally, being sure that no two identical patches are next to each other. Press seams open.

5. Stitch rickrack over the vertical seams, then over the horizontal seams.

To complete the skirt:

1. Seam the ends together, making the seam be the back of the skirt. Leave opening for the zipper. Stitch rickrack over this seam and the front edge of the opening. Insert the zipper.

2. Fold the waistband in half and seam the ends with the right sides together. Turn.

3. Gather the upper edge of the skirt to fit the waistband, leaving 1 inch free for the overlap.

FLARED PATCHWORK SKIRT
Trimmed With Rickrack

4. Attach the waistband, first stitching the inner side of the band to the wrong side of the skirt, then folding to the right side of the skirt and top stitching over the seam.

5. Stitch rickrack over the waistband stitching.

6. Hem the lower edge with ½ inch first fold and 2½ inch depth.

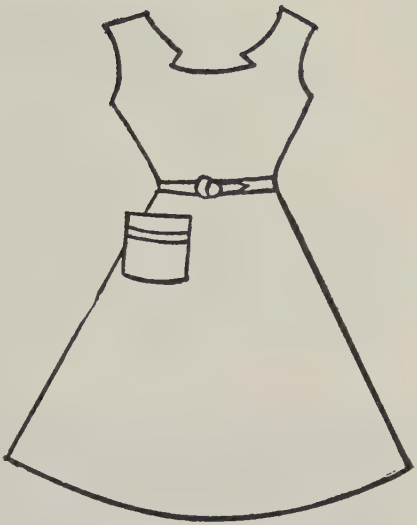
Jiffy Jumper

Now for the "Jiffy Jumper." This jumper answers the everyday problem of how to keep the little girl attractively groomed and yet free for good hard play. It is a jumper that snaps up the sides and at the shoulders, allowing endless changes simply by sewing and by stitching a variety of fronts in different prints, stripes, and polka dots.

The jumper is perfect for playtime — Indian head washability sees to that, and with the right blouse, it becomes a crisp, colorful school dress.

The back of the jumper is made in basic color. Different fronts can be made, utilizing Indian head prints; snaps on both sides permit quick changes. All you need do is remove the solid front, throw it in the washer, and snap on the alternate change.

SEPARATE FRONT FOR JUMPER
Showing fasteners on both sides



JUMPER WITH BELT AND POCKET

This makes for easy ironing, too. The simplicity of the styling makes the jiffy jumper practical and pretty for mother, too. With the jumper silhouette an accepted fashion, you can make your own style to your own pattern in very little time.

Just follow your favorite jumper pattern, placing snaps along the side seams instead of stitching them together. For a second jiffy jumper, you might try using large colorful buttons in place of the snaps.

Still another variation to this idea, which permits dozens of mix-match combinations, would be to make the back of the jumper from corduroy or gabardine, and make the fronts from colorful matching and contrasting cottons.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Mildred Himes

EAST CACHE STAKE (UTAH), LOGAN TWENTIETH WARD SINGING MOTHERS PARTICIPATE IN A CONCERT HONORING FLORENCE J. MADSEN, May 19, 1960

Front row, left to right: Anna Jean Skidmore, director, Logan Twentieth Ward Singing Mothers; Florence J. Madsen, member, General Board of Relief Society; Carol Peterson; Shirley Hanson; Gloria Anderson; Lulla Ve Davis; June Merrell; Annabel Spencer; Joyce Child; Maxine Cameron (seated), accompanist.

Second row, left to right: Ruth Payne, President, Logan Twentieth Ward Relief Society; Amy Gasser; Joan Meldrum; Chloe Bundy; Margaret Richards; Lorraine Jacobsen; Marjorie Johnson; Jeanine Larsen; Jo Ann Horlacher; Nellie Horlacher.

Third row, left to right: Bonnie Parson; Carma Karren; Nereece Herd; Jackee Haslam; Vonda Whitlock; Marjorie Bowen; Ruth Stayner; Winifred Hailes.

Mildred Himes, President, East Cache Stake Relief Society, reports: "Florence J. Madsen, member, General Board of Relief Society, and well-known musician, was honored at a concert and reception in the Logan Twentieth Ward, May 19, 1960. The concert was presented by the ward's Singing Mothers. The program included two compositions by Sister Madsen, and she was guest conductor during the second composition, "Come, Ye Blessed of My Father."

"Two honorary doctorates for outstanding contributions to music have been conferred upon Sister Madsen. She studied in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and has been recognized as one of the West's outstanding contraltos. For thirty-seven years she was a member of the Brigham Young University faculty, where her students included Anna Jean Skidmore and her mother. Since Sister Madsen became a member of the General Board of Relief Society in 1941, she has been in charge of the music for the organization, including the Singing Mothers. She reported that more than 45,000 women participate in Singing Mothers groups throughout the world. 'Harmony, rhythm, and melody make up music, and make up the human being,' Sister Madsen said in her brief remarks during the concert. She added that singing is part of religion, and that there are 1,325 references to music in the Bible.

"Other guests at the concert and reception included the East Cache Stake Relief Society officers, Singing Mothers groups, and presidencies from other wards in the stake."

Photograph submitted by Paula G. Wilson

TAYLORSVILLE STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY WINS FIRST PLACE FOR THEIR FLOAT IN ANNUAL STAKE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

Paula G. Wilson, President, Taylorsville Stake Relief Society, reports: "In the parade which marked the beginning of the annual Taylorsville Stake Fourth of July celebration, this float, entered by the stake Relief Society, was awarded first place. It was designed by Counselors Martha Oakeson and Verna Burke. All board members assisted with the work. Each ward Relief Society was represented by the chorister and a few Singing Mothers, who sang during the parade under the direction of chorister Nellie Bennion (back to the camera), assisted by Carol Rowberry with accordion. The entire float was white satin with gold edging. All letters were gold edged with blue. The theme 'Song of the Heart' was on a large heart at the rear, and 'Singing Mothers' was on each side of the float."

Photograph submitted by Anna O. Smith

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH) HONORS WARD OFFICERS AND CLASS LEADERS AT STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL, June 30, 1960

Standing at the back of the room, left to right, stake officers: Cleta Hanson, social science class leader; Chloe Stewart, theology class leader; Lila Jones, organist; Ona Barlow, visiting teacher message leader; Ella O. Davis, Secretary-Treasurer; Ella H. Rinderknecht, First Counselor; Emily Larson, Second Counselor; Anna O. Smith, President.

Seated at the table at the right, on the right side, in the rear: members of the stake presidency, Asa L. Beecher and Preston Alder; High Councilman Eyre Turner, advisor to Relief Society. William Jones, stake clerk, is seated at the left rear, of the table on the right.

Sister Smith reports: "Since the organization of Mount Logan Stake, we have held an annual Strawberry Festival, honoring all ward officers and class leaders in our stake, with the stake presidency, high council, and adviser to Relief Society, and their wives as special guests. Our board members enjoy the event, and our ward people look forward to this annual affair."

Photograph submitted by Marian Bennett

LONG BEACH STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR THREE STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCES AND FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 17, 1960

Front row, standing (in dark dresses), left to right: Helen Johns, former organist; Marian Bennett, President, Long Beach Stake Relief Society; Luella Barnes, chorister; Theodora Johnson, organist.

Second row, twelfth from the left: Mildred Moon, Secretary.

Back row, twelfth from the left: Erma Halls, Second Counselor.

Absent when the picture was taken were Maude Rowan, First Counselor, and about twenty other members of the chorus.

Sister Bennett reports: "This outstanding chorus has provided music for three stake quarterly conferences, as well as for many special occasions, including Relief Society Convention, May 17, 1960."

Photograph submitted by Frances J. Monson

CANADIAN MISSION SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT THE ORGANIZATION OF TORONTO STAKE, August 14, 1960

Frances J. Monson, President, Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports: "The photograph pictures the Singing Mothers chorus at the formation of the Toronto Stake. During the conference sessions at the stake organization, there assembled at the Odeon-Carlton Theater in Toronto, the largest gathering of Latter-day Saints ever to convene in the province of Ontario.

"Under the direction of Irene Palmer, the Singing Mothers of the Kitchener, Hamilton, and Toronto Districts of the Canadian Mission, which, incidentally, became the area comprising the Toronto Stake, presented the beautiful selections 'There Is Beauty All Around,' and 'Let Us Oft Speak Kind Words.' In addition to the Singing Mothers from the area mentioned above, a number of Singing Mothers from the branches in other parts of the mission also participated in the event.

"The date of the Toronto Stake organization, Sunday, August 14, 1960, will be long remembered as a day of inspiration as the 300th stake in the Church came into being. Elder Mark E. Petersen and Elder Alma Sonne were the General Authorities under whose dirction the organization took place.

"The saints of the mission continue to comment relative to the benefits of subscribing to *The Relief Society Magazine*. The colored covers are delightful, and the information attractively presented in every issue."

Have Courage

Catherine B. Bowles

When the heart is weary,
Dark storm clouds dim the sky,
Lift your eyes to heaven,
Just know that God is nigh.

He lightens every burden;
He knows the cross you bear.
Look up to the heavens,
God will be watching there.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 31—The Second Coming of Christ

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 43:8-35; 45:43-75)

For Tuesday, April 4, 1961

Objective: To learn of events associated with the second coming of Christ.

Preliminary Events

OUR attention is directed in this lesson to the need of becoming more fully acquainted with what the revelations of the Lord say regarding the times in which we live; and also of events which are prophesied to occur near the time of the Savior's return to the earth and of his appearance.

Section 43

Last year, Lesson 18 (*The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1959) included as a text, the first seven verses of Section 43 of The Doctrine and Covenants in setting forth the important principle that there is only one man on the earth at a time who has the right by ordination and calling to receive revelation for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In exercising this right, the President of the Church not only directs his message to the saints but to the world, if necessary. Joseph Smith was the mouthpiece of the Lord in the opening of this dispensation of the gospel. (See D & C 21:4-6.) The Lord introduced his volume of scripture, The Doctrine and Covenants, by stating that his message was to go to all the world as "the voice of warning" unto all people. His servants were to proclaim this message and, in time, all would hear that message. (See D & C 1:1-7.) In preparation for preaching the gospel, the Lord gave pertinent advice to elders or to the members of the Church. They were instructed:

> . . . when ye are assembled together ye shall instruct and edify each other, that ye may know how to act and direct my church, how to act upon the points of my law and commandments, which I have given (D & C 43:8).

By giving words of edification arising out of their understanding of the gospel, the elders were to become ". . . sanctified by that which ye have received, and ye shall bind yourselves to act in all holiness be-

fore me" (D & C 43:9). As the result of being so instructed in meetings, and making of the commandments a part of daily living ". . . glory shall be added to the kingdom [Church] which ye have received . . ." but negligence in these matters would result in a loss of the blessings which it was the right of the faithful to obtain.

(Read the word of the Lord in verses 11-12.)

Joseph Smith Prophesies

The saints have always been admonished to uphold the prophet of the Lord for therein lies safety. How closely do we follow the revelations which have come through the Prophet Joseph Smith? For example, do we, as Latter-day Saints, uphold him in what he has given us? Here are some of his prophecies:

> I will prophesy that the signs of the coming of the Son of Man are already commenced. One pestilence will desolate after another. We shall soon have war and bloodshed. The moon will be turned into blood. I testify of these things, and that the coming of the Son of Man is nigh, even at your doors. If our souls and our bodies are not looking forth for the coming of the Son of Man; and after we are dead, if we are not looking forth, we shall be among those who are calling for the rocks to fall upon them (*D. H. C.* III:390).

> The coming of the Son of Man never will be — never can be till the judgments spoken of for this hour are poured out: which judgments are commenced (*D. H. C.* V:336).

The hour spoken of in the last prophecy was predicted by John the Revelator as ". . . the hour of his [God's] judgment . . ." (Revelation 14:7).

"Give As I Have Spoken"

As the Lord continued to instruct the elders who would study and take the message of the dispensation to the world in preparation for the Lord's coming, he charged them that they were sent forth to teach the children of men and not to be taught. He had given them information of things to come — of "judgments which are on the land" (D & C 88:79)—and by the power of his Spirit they were to teach. Since their instructions came from the Giver of truth, who knows all things, they were to sanctify themselves and ". . . ye shall be endowed with power, that ye may give even as I have spoken." (See D & C 43:15-16.)

But what has the Lord spoken? What has he given which is to be carried by the elders? (Read verses 17-18.)

In continuing his message, the Lord emphasized the need for missionary work to be done among the nations that all who would respond to his call might repent. The missionaries were to accept the call to service lest they be found among those who were negligent in their responsibilities. (See D & C 43:19-20.) In fact, this dispensation is the last time when the Lord's servants are to call upon the inhabitants of the earth. (See D & C 43:28.) As one reads this revelation, he discovers that the people of the Lord are to make preparations for the great day of the Lord (D & C 43:20-22).

The Great Day of the Lord Is Nigh

In the first paragraph of the informative explanation of verse 17 from the *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* (see page 246), the

great day of the Lord is indicated as the day when the Lord comes to reign upon the earth. Joseph Smith was informed in many revelations that this was the message of the Lord for this dispensation.

When the inhabitants of the earth do not accept the call of the missionaries to repent, the Lord will, as this revelation points out, answer his own question — "What will ye say when the day cometh when the thunders shall utter their voices from the ends of the earth?"

The Lord's Message
Literal or Figurative?

The Lord's message is to be taken literally:

> It is predicted that calamity and destruction await the inhabitants of the earth if they continue to reject the Gospel and fill the cup of their iniquity. This punishment will come when "the wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure." (D & C 1:9.) It will come after the elders of Israel have declared their message to all the world. Then will come the testimony of wrath and indignation; the testimony of earthquakes, the voice of thunders and lightnings and tempests and the waves heaving themselves beyond their bounds. (D & C 88:88-91.) (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 246.)

The Lord Shall Utter His Voice

When the judgments of the Lord come as warnings, how will he speak?

> If we understand this prophecy [Section 43:23], correctly, it means that after the warning voices of the thunders and lightnings and world wars, God will again speak to the children of men. In other words, the gospel sound will be heard. The Lord will explain to men, through His servants, why the calamities have come, viz., to cause men to repent and be saved (v. 24-27) (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 247).

Section 45 — Review and Prelude

The purpose of last month's lesson was to give us an insight into some of the signs of the times as those events were foreseen by the Master and told to his disciples in the meridian of times, and then to relate the events of our own dispensation. (See D & C 45:1-42.) From Section 45, beginning with verses 15 through 24, Jesus told his disciples of events to be expected during their own dispensation or generation. From verses 25 through 38 the Lord gave his disciples some signs by which they might know that in the final dispensation of the gospel the "times of the Gentiles" were about to be finished.

Should Latter-day Saints look forward to these signs of the times? Hear the word of the Lord:

> And it shall come to pass that he that feareth me shall be looking forth for the great day of the Lord to come, even for the signs of the coming of the Son of Man (D & C 45:39).

This prophecy would suggest that as the Lord's coming nears, there will be some devout souls who will be impressed with the doctrine of the second coming and the millennium, but, in general, the people of the world will not give heed to these Biblical teachings. These devout people:

> . . . shall see signs and wonders, for they shall be shown forth in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath.
>
> And they shall behold blood, and fire, and vapors of smoke (D & C 45:40-41).

Sign of the Son of Man

Among these signs to precede the Lord's coming, is one event which was mentioned by Jesus to his dis-

ciples in the meridian of time (Mt. 24:30; Luke 21:25-27), and spoken of again in this dispensation as "a great sign in heaven, and all people shall see it together" (D & C 88:93). What is this sign? Because all people shall see it, does it follow that it will be recognized by the world as a sign indicating that the Lord's coming is near, or will it be explained as another natural phenomenon? Inasmuch as wickedness and unbelief will, in general, reign on the earth near the Lord's coming, the world will not accept this great sign for what it is. Among faithful Latter-day Saints, however, who are looking forward to these signs and to the leadership of the Church for guidance in such matters, they shall know what the sign is and of its meaning.

Judah must return, Jerusalem must be rebuilt, and the temple, and water come out from under the temple, and the waters of the Dead Sea be healed. It will take some time to rebuild the walls of the city and the temple, &c.; and all this must be done before the Son of Man will make His appearance. There will be wars and rumors of wars, signs in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, the sun turned into darkness and the moon to blood, earthquakes in divers places, the seas heaving beyond their bounds; then will appear one grand sign of the Son of Man in heaven. But what will the world do? They will say it is a planet, a comet, &c. But the Son of Man will come as the sign of the coming of the Son of Man, which will be as the light of the morning cometh out of the east (*D. H. C.* V:337).

A Bow in the Heavens? (Not One But Many Signs)

It is well to keep in mind that there is no one sign or event which signalizes the nearness of the Lord's second coming. Included among these signs are those which are referred to about the sun, moon, and the stars. (See D & C 45:42.) But there is one sign referred to by the Prophet Joseph Smith, which, by the absence of a natural phenomenon, has considerable importance. Here are the words of the Prophet:

I have asked of the Lord concerning His coming; and while asking the Lord, He gave a sign and said, "In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year: but whenever you see the bow withdrawn, it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence, and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant (*D. H. C.* VI: 254).

First Appearance—to the Saints

The Lord's first appearance as part of the second coming will be to his saints. Of such an appearance the Old Testament prophet spoke when he referred to the Lord's suddenly coming to his temple in the day when it could be appropriately asked: "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap" (Malachi 3:2). Moroni quoted part of this chapter to Joseph Smith when he visited him in 1823. (See Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 2:36.)

It may be concluded that this appearance to the saints may not be generally known, except as the world is informed of it by the saints. As partial fulfillment of this prophecy was the appearance of the Savior in the Kirtland Temple in 1836. (See D & C 110:1-4.) That the complete fulfillment has reference to the temple in the New Jerusalem,

yet to be erected in Jackson County, Missouri, is indicated by reason of the offering to be made by the sons of Levi. (See Malachi 3:3; D & C 84:21-34; *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 171-173.) President Brigham Young said that:

When Jesus makes his next appearance upon the earth, but few of this Church and kingdom will be prepared to receive him and see him face to face and converse with him; but he will come to his temple (*Journal of Discourses* 7:142).

In the General Conference of April 1898, President Wilford Woodruff told of his first meeting the Prophet Joseph Smith and of the Priesthood assemblage of 1833 when the Prophet prophesied that the saints would be settled in the Rocky Mountains.

. . . When they [the brethren present] got through the Prophet said, "Brethren I have been very much edified and instructed in your testimonies here tonight, but I want to say to you before the Lord, that you know no more concerning the destinies of this Church and kingdom than a babe upon its mother's lap. You don't comprehend it." I was rather surprised. He said "It is only a little handful [sic] of Priesthood you see here tonight, but this Church will fill North and South America — it will fill the world." Among other things he said, "it will fill the Rocky Mountains. There will be tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who will be gathered in the Rocky Mountains, and there they will open the door for the establishing of the Gospel among the Lamanites, who will receive the Gospel and their endowments and the blessings of God. This people will go into the Rocky Mountains; they will there build temples to the Most High. They will raise up a posterity there, and the Latter-day Saints who dwell in these mountains will stand in the flesh until the coming of the Son of Man. The Son of Man will come to them while in the Rocky Mountains."

I name these things because I want to bear testimony before God, angels and men that mine eyes behold the day, and have beheld for the last fifty years of my life, the fulfillment of that prophecy . . . (*Conference Report*, Sixty-eighth Annual Conference, April 1898, page 57).

Some of the saints by appointment will attend the great council at Adam-ondi-Ahman spoken of by the Prophet Joseph Smith. At that time Adam will deliver up his stewardship to Christ preparatory to the "coming of the Son of Man" in glory. (See *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 157.)

Another Appearance—to the Jews

Another great appearance of the Master will be at a time when the Jews are gathered to the Holy Land. When this happens the nations will be at war with the Jews, who since 1948 have had their own government in Israel (Palestine), to which the Jews are now gathering. The Prophet declares that when sorely besieged and part of Jerusalem is taken (Zechariah 14:1-2), two prophets or witnesses "raised up to the Jewish nation in the last days" will be killed and their dead bodies shall lie in the streets three days and a half. Life will re-enter their bodies, which will ascend into heaven. A great earthquake will cause the Mount of Olives to divide and the earth will tremble. (See Revelation 11:1-13; D & C 77:15.) The Lord will then fight their battle. (See Zechariah 14:3-9.) As the text of our lesson states:

And then shall the Jews look upon me and say: What are these wounds in thine hands and in thy feet?

Then shall they know that I am the Lord; for I will say unto them: These

wounds are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of my friends. I am he who was lifted up. I am Jesus that was crucified. I am the Son of God.

And then shall they weep because of their iniquities; then shall they lament because they persecuted their king (D & C 45:51-53). (See also, Zechariah 13:6; 12:8-14; 13:1.)

And thus Judah shall be redeemed by acceptance of their Savior Jesus Christ. In order for salvation to be received by any people it will be through baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and the bestowal of the Holy Ghost.

Third Appearance—in Power to the World

There follows the great and glorious coming of Jesus Christ, who subdues all enemies under his feet, "and the Lord shall be king over all the earth." This is the coming for which the righteous have prayed, that wickedness might be removed from the earth. His coming in power is described in the modern revelations as "an entire separation of the righteous and the wicked" with the wicked being consumed (D & C 63:54; 101:23-24; 133:63-64). Our lesson text reveals that the nations of the earth will be afraid:

For when the Lord shall appear he shall be terrible unto them, that fear may seize upon them, and they shall stand afar off and tremble.

And all nations shall be afraid because of the terror of the Lord, and the power of his might. Even so. Amen (D & C 45:74-75).

The New Jerusalem

One of the best descriptions of the center place of Zion in the last days when the judgments of the Lord are poured out upon the wicked is found in our text D & C 45:66-71.

The Lord has set forth in ancient and modern times that there would be two gathering places in the last days — Palestine (Israel) and America. (See Micah 4:1-2; D & C 133:12-13.)

Other Events

When the Savior comes, as indicated, a general resurrection will occur, the heathen nations shall be redeemed, and Satan is to be bound as a part of the great millennial reign of Christ. (See D & C 45:54; 43:29-35.)

Be Prepared

During his mortal ministry, the Lord spoke concerning the preparedness of believers in the last days. The parable of the ten virgins, five of whom were prepared to meet the bridegroom while the remaining five were unprepared and rejected from entrance to the marriage feast, is closed with this application: ". . . Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh (Mt. 25:12-13).

Does this parable apply to the Latter-day Saints? Definitely so. Read the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith as given in D & C 45:56-59.

No one else upon the face of the earth meets the description given in these verses better than do the Latter-day Saints, for ". . . they have received the truth, and have taken

the Holy Spirit for their guide, and have not been deceived . . ." (D & C 45:47).

Questions for Discussion

1. What do you believe one of the greatest responsibilities of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is to the world?
2. The Lord instructed the saints to uphold the Prophet Joseph Smith in his day. What obligation, if any, does the member of the Church have in sustaining the present prophet?
3. What evidence supports the truth that the judgments spoken of for the last days are literal and not figurative?
4. In view of the great events yet to happen before the second coming of Christ, what need do you think there is for Latter-day Saints to follow the leadership of the Church?
5. Discuss the different phases of the second coming of Christ: (a) to the saints; (b) to the Jews; (c) to the world.
6. Discuss the parable of the ten virgins and its lesson for Latter-day Saints.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 31—"Thou Shalt Not Speak Evil of Thy Neighbor, Nor Do Him Any Harm" (D & C 42:27)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, April 4, 1961

Objective: We must guard constantly against idle or evil words which might harm or undermine another's character.

THIS wise counsel comes from the section of The Doctrine and Covenants which was described by Joseph Smith as embracing the law of the Church. To avoid speaking evil of one's neighbor and to make sure that we do him no harm, is a fundamental law of intelligent human behavior. If, in our personal contacts with others, we want to spread love, friendship, understanding, and good will, we must practice this law.

The story is told of a man who had circulated slanderous gossip about a neighbor only to find the story was not true. Conscience stricken, the man sought the advice of a friend to see what could be done to retrieve the evil words he had spoken. His wise friend told him to take a bag filled with goose feathers and to drop a handful of feathers at each door in the village. The man followed this advice and returned to his friend for further instructions. "Now take your bag to each house once more," replied the friend, "and gather up each goose feather you have dropped." The man sadly shook his head and said, "That I cannot do for the wind has scattered them over the countryside."

Like these scattered feathers, gossip and unkind words are almost impossible to retrieve. Regardless of how we may try to take them back and, even if we sincerely repent, it may be impossible to undo the harm that has been inflicted. This is true of any type of slanderous or misrepresented statements.

Each of us has two words in her

vocabulary which can be easily and lightly spoken to spread rumor or a bit of gossip. These two words are "they say." These are such innocent words rarely deliberately spoken to do harm, but, when they preface even the most casual remark which might misrepresent or undermine the character of another, they can do damage which may never be fully repaired.

Down through the ages, the Lord has been concerned about the human tendency to speak ill of others. Through his prophet Solomon, we are reminded that five of the seven things which the Lord hates are actions associated with speaking evil and doing harm to our neighbors. The five are:

> . . . a lying tongue. . . .
>
> An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief,
>
> A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren (Proverbs 6:17-19).

Jesus added force to this warning when he said:

> . . . every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.
>
> For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned (Mt. 12:36-37).

He also gave us the key to our personal responsibility in this respect when he said:

> . . . how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye . . . (Luke 6:42).

One of our Latter-day Saint hymns also advises us:

> Should you feel inclined to censure
> Faults you may in others view,
> Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
> If that has not failings, too.
> ("Should You Feel Inclined to Censure," *Hymns*, page 159)

A much loved woman was once asked how she was able to attract and hold so many true friends. She replied, "I have made it a practice never to speak ill of another. When I see someone make a mistake, I try always to say to myself, had I faced similar circumstances I might have done worse."

The Prophet Joseph Smith in talking to the Relief Society said:

> . . . don't be limited in your views with regard to your neighbor's virtue . . . you must enlarge your souls towards each other . . . you must be long-suffering, and bear with the faults and errors of mankind . . . be liberal in your feelings . . . let kindness, charity and love crown your works . . . (*D. H. C.* IV, pp. 606-607, April 28, 1842).

Let us heed this commandment given in The Doctrine and Covenants. Rather than speaking ill, let us oft speak kind words of, and to each other, for "Kind words are sweet tones of the heart."

Stretching

Celia Larsen Luce

LIKE a tree, the way we stretch is the way we grow. The tree stretches toward the light. What am I stretching toward?

Work Meeting— Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7 — Feeding the Patient — Oral Medications — Local Application of Heat and Cold

Maria Johnson

For Tuesday, April 11, 1961

Objectives:

A. To give a few hints that will help in one's efforts to stimulate the sick patient to take the nourishment she needs.

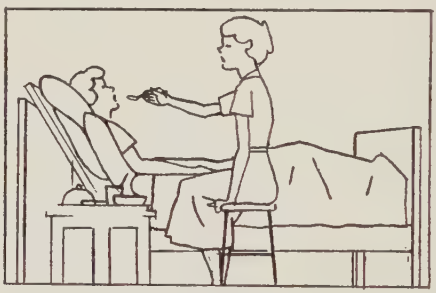
B. To stress the serious responsibility in giving medication and learn some important safety measures in handling drugs and giving them by mouth.

C. To consider some effects of heat and cold on the body and also measures for their safe application.

A. Feeding the Patient

FEEDING the sick patient is always an important part of medical treatment. The doctor will tell you if there is to be any modification of the regular diet, or if the patient is to have a restricted special diet. It is then up to you to see that the patient takes the nourishment prescribed.

The patient often has no appetite, or at times is just too tired to make the effort to eat. Here are a few hints that will encourage him to eat:



When possible, sit down to feed the patient

1. Before serving the tray, tidy up the room, clear the bedside table or overbed table ready for the tray. Make the patient comfortable, offer bedpan (or urinal), wash her hands. If she can sit up in bed, support her back with pillows and place the overbed table over her lap, or she may prefer a pillow on her lap to support the tray. If she cannot sit up turn her on her left side and arrange the bedside table within easy reach.
2. The tray cloth and napkin should be clean.
3. The sight, aroma, and taste of food will each play an important part in encouraging the patient to eat.
4. The tray should be inviting with attractive color combinations of food.
5. Small servings encourage the patient to attempt eating.
6. Hot dishes should be served hot and cold dishes cold.

7. Do not ask the patient what she would like for dinner but learn her likes and dislikes and give them consideration in planning the meal.
8. Use a positive approach — do not say "Would you like a glass of juice?" but rather "Here is a glass of juice for you."
9. An element of surprise such as a flower on the tray, or a favor on a special holiday will add interest.

When the patient cannot feed herself:

1. Wash your hands.
2. Allow plenty of time. Never appear in a hurry. If possible, sit down to feed the patient. Give the patient your full attention. Do not carry on a conversation with another person unless the patient is included.
3. It is usually best to place the tray in front of the patient you are feeding.
4. Place food carefully in her mouth so that it does not spill. Give small amounts and wait until the patient swallows before feeding more. Offer different food and liquids as the patient wishes.
5. If the patient cannot raise her head, liquids may be served from a small cream pitcher or a drinking tube. Flexible drinking straws are especially good. If a drinking tube or straw is used, steady it for the patient and do not fill the glass more than half full. It will help if you can turn her head a little to one side, or you can place your hand under the pillow and raise the head a little as the patient drinks from a partly filled cup or through the drinking tube.

B. *Oral Medications*:

The giving of medications is an exacting and serious assignment. Drugs given to a patient may be very beneficial, or they can be very harmful if not given in the correct amount and proper way. It is therefore essential for every mother or person caring for the sick in the home to know and follow the necessary safeguards. One first rule might well be — never give a medication that has not been ordered by a physician.

Self-medication is one of the most serious health problems of today. Remember a symptom is not a disease. It is the cause and not the symptom that needs a solution. Treating symptoms gives only temporary relief. The cause or trouble back of the symptom is still there. Do not attempt to diagnose your own ills or those of your neighbor, and do not pass pills you have on hand on to your neighbor. Because her symptoms appear to be very much like those you have had, does not mean the cause or diagnosis is the same. Women who are taking tranquilizers or so-called "happy pills," unless ordered by the doctor, are doing themselves great harm. These medications do not cure and should be used only for temporary relief. The same symptoms thus treated will return again and again unless the cause is found and corrected.

Safety rules and hints for giving drugs by mouth:

1. Keep all drugs out of the reach of children.
2. Wash your hands.
3. Give only those drugs ordered by the physician and follow his instructions as to the amount and time to be given. His orders should be written.
4. Give exact amount and on time. Measurements must be accurate. Read the label for the directions. Never give more than is ordered.

5. Pour from the side opposite the label so it will not become soiled.
6. Read the order each time you give a medication.
7. Read the label three times — when you pick up the container, when you pour the medication — and when you return the box or bottle to the shelf.
8. Never give a medication from an unlabeled container or from one whose label cannot be clearly read.
9. Never put a liquid medication back in the bottle — discard it if not used.
10. Do not handle pills or tablets with your fingers. Turn them into a small glass or paper container. This assures cleanliness and makes it easy for the patient to get them back on his tongue to swallow.
11. Most drugs are concentrated and should be taken with water. Most liquids should be diluted and followed with a glass of water. An exception is a cough syrup because you want it to soothe the throat.

Getting children to take a medicine is not always easy. Here are a few hints or tricks that often help:

1. Be positive — slip the medication into the child's mouth in a matter-of-fact way, as if it had not occurred to you that he would not take it. Do not say, "Do you want your medicine?" He may say, "No," then the trouble begins.
2. Try talking about something else when you put the spoon in his mouth. Most children open their mouths automatically like little birds.
3. Always be kind, even in a tussle.
4. If the taste of the medicine is unpleasant, it sometimes helps to disguise it with a food, but you must be careful that he doesn't associate the food with the medicine.
   a. If given in a juice choose one that the child does not take regularly, i.e. grape juice or prune juice. If you give a queer taste to his milk or orange juice it may make him suspicious for months.
   b. Tablets that do not dissolve can be crushed to a fine powder and mixed in a good tasting food. Use a very small amount of food as he may decide he doesn't want very much.
   c. Tablets and capsules hard to swallow may be put in something lumpy and sticky, such as banana. Follow the teaspoon quickly with a drink of something he likes.
   d. Bitter pills can be put in honey, syrup, jam, or applesauce.

The older child will, in many cases, enjoy co-operating with you by watching the time and ringing the bell or giving you the signal when it is time for her medicine. She will also like to cross off the time on the chart after she has taken the medicine. This gives the child something to do and keeps her interested.

Always keep a record of the medication given, the amount, and the time. Make a simple chart for the day. List the medication and when it is to be given, for example: Pink pill three times a day at 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 5 P.M. Then draw a line through the time after you give it.

Teach a child that the doctor is his best friend, and never use the doctor as a threat to a child.

C. *Local Application of Heat and Cold:*

Applications of heat and cold have been used through the ages, and are still widely used in the treatment of diseases and to relieve pain.

In applying heat great care must be taken to prevent burns.

Precautions:

1. Remember, some people burn more easily than others. For them use lower temperatures and watch more closely. Infants, elderly people, diabetics, persons in shock, and those with fair skin are good examples of those who burn easily.
2. The nerves of the skin are numbed by continued heat or repeated applications of heat so the patient may not realize she is being burned. She needs close watching.
3. A patient may be burned because of carelessness or neglect in testing the temperature.
4. Never fill a hot water bottle from a tap. Put the water in a pitcher and test with a bath thermometer or your clenched fist. The water should be between 120° — 130° F., depending upon the patient's condition. It should be bearable to your fist.
5. Always cover a hot water bottle — never put rubber next to the skin. Outing flannel makes the best cover.

To Fill a Hot Water Bottle:

1. Pour hot water in a pitcher and test.
2. Rinse bag with hot water to preheat it.
3. Fill bag not more than half full.
4. Lay bag on flat surface (table top by sink is a good place) and allow water to fill neck, screw in stopper before lifting the bag. This will exclude the air. The bag will be lighter, more comfortable, and will conform to the contour of the body.
5. Wipe the bag dry and turn upside down to check for leaks.
6. Put in a flannel or cotton bag or wrap in a towel.
7. Never put stopper or hard end next to the patient.

Good substitutes for a hot water bag are: a brick, a bag of sand, or a bag of salt heated in the oven.

Electric Heating Pads:

There is more danger of burn from an electric pad than from a hot water bottle. The hot water bottle gradually cools, while heat in an electric pad remains constant. The heating pad must be checked frequently. Many hospitals today have discontinued the use of electric pads.

Never use an electric pad on a moist dressing unless the pad is rubber covered.

Application of Cold:

1. Pack the ice cap with crushed or chipped ice.
2. Do not fill it more than half full.
3. Flatten the ice cap on a flat surface and push down on it to expel the air.
4. Wipe dry.
5. Always put a flannel cover on an ice bag.
6. Long applications of cold should be discontinued at frequent intervals to prevent tissue damage.

A good substitute for an ice bag is a plastic bag. Put ice in bag — twist and fold the open end and fasten with an elastic band. Cover with a bag or towel.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 23 — Emerson, the Spokesman for His Age

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 250-303)

For Tuesday, April 18, 1961

Objective: To relate Emerson's philosophy to the basic ideas his art expresses.

Transcendentalism

WHEN early in his career Emerson was first called a Transcendentalist, it irked him; later on the term amused him, that is, when he thought of it, as it came from the mouths of his critics. As his fame increased, so did the use of the term, by those both friendly and fierce. In his *Journal*, "my savings bank," Emerson recorded the cultured Mrs. B's comment with a lofty wave of her hand, that "Transcendentalism means a little beyond." Nathaniel Hawthorne, his friend and Concord neighbor, was scarcely so debonair. Seeing reality as somber mystery, Hawthorne resented Emerson's "perpetual smile," feeling he ought to "wait for something to smile at."

What, then, was Transcendentalism, other than Emerson's definition of it as "Idealism as it appears in 1842"?

Emerson spoke truth in calling it "a silent revolution of thought." He was its acknowledged leader and spokesman. Basically an American movement, both in spirit and principle, transcendentalism was a near-spontaneous reaction against the staid, conservative, tradition-bound New England culture which to Emerson seemed but an empty husk behind which a vigorous new democracy was hiding from its own destiny. It was the complete antithesis of Calvanistic doctrines of man's depravity and election. (See text, pp. 173-176: "Pioneers of Freedom" and "Religious Faith Transformed.")

Emphasizing, as never before, that "The kingdom of God is within you," Transcendentalism quickened each man to "live in the Eternal Now," guided by his own reason or intuitive inner light.

The central impetus of the movement was moral and spiritual. In these realms it promised to every man what Calvinism had reserved only for the chosen few; it "gave its adherents a new hope, a greater trust in the nature and resources of man, than the laws or popular opinion will allow," a doctrine restated in one of Emerson's poems written as early as 1831:

If thou canst bear
Strong meat of simple truth,
If thou durst my words compare
With what thou thinkest in the soul's free youth,
Then take this fact unto thy soul —
God dwells in thee. . . .
Clouded and shrouded there doth sit
The Infinite
Embosomed in a man;
And thou art stranger to thy guest,
And knowst not what thou dost invest. . . .
Then bear thyself, O man!

A Perry Picture

EMERSON'S HOME, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Up to the scale and compass of thy guest;
Soul of thy soul.
Be great as doth beseem
The ambassador who bears
The royal presence where he goes. . . .

Among other reasons, Transcendentalism was too intense to be warmed-over romanticism, American version. Instead of casting an air of venerable mystery about ancient ruins and legends, Emerson repudiated the past by annihilating time. His emphasis was to understand the miracle of the common, the low, the everyday; to master present reality that one might really *live* and thus make present history. "Only so much do I *know* as I have lived," and living must be *now*. Further, it must be nobly unselfish, dedicated to the ultimate good of *all* through venerating nature and trusting one's reason (or intuition). Believing that reality is spiritual rather than material, Transcendentalism vigorously opposed whatever belief or institution kept man from full self-realization. Commercialism, trade, politics, slavery, education, religion, reform, literature — those in their present forms were opposed by Transcendentalism, if they seemed, in any way, to inhibit man from striving toward fulfillment of the American dream. Thus Transcendentalism was the strongest liberating force in American literature preceding the Civil War.

Unity in Nature

Believing that "to seek unity is a necessity of the mind," Emerson believed everything is held harmoniously together by the Over-Soul, the great spiritual force of the universe, symbolized and dynamic both in man and nature. "There

is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself." And for Emerson, prime access to this timeless unity lay through nature, but a nature which was a living, growing, constantly changing organism:

> Nothing is fixed in nature. The universe is fluid and volatile. Permanence is but a word of degrees. Our globe seen by God is a transparent law, not a mass of facts.

Nature, being fluid and organic, decrees that all things be made and allowed to grow from within their own nature and in harmony with themselves.

This concept of organic form is one of Emerson's greatest contributions to American literature and art. He believed that all art should be allowed to create itself from within, rather than being confined to any existing form dictated by past usage. Of supreme importance is the word used to express an idea. Not only is it impossible to separate an idea from its expression, but "style is thought itself." And style achieves its greatest power in communicating truth through poetry.

Emerson, the Poet

The greatest source of Emerson's power is his poetic quality, whether in the spoken eloquence of his essays or in his poems. Emerson loved lecturing because he loved to move audiences with his sparkling, condensed sentences filled with the colloquial, common figures which expressed the essential Emerson. He believed eloquence to be "the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak," that it arises out of heat, which comes only from sincerity. Therefore, "speak what you know and believe, and are personally in it; and are answerable for every word." That he did so with complete honesty is proved by his sustained success. When he said, "This writing is blood-warm," he not only defined his own style but exemplified it also. In his Essays Emerson's great power lies in the sentence. Emerson's major purpose was to inspire his countrymen to live and believe and speak as if no one had ever done so before, but it is the poet whom he entrusts with the liberating thrill of "new-naming" all animals, flowers, essences in this virgin land. Before he married Lydia Jackson he wrote her that "I am a born poet, of a low class without doubt, yet a poet, in the sense of the perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter." Probably he defined his own talents as being so low because he defined the destiny of the poet so grandly. To him the poet is the sovereign who perceives all truth, "new-names" it, and affirms it to all enlightened spirits. In his essay "The Poet," he defines him as "the complete man, the complete mind, the beholder of ideas"; he is "representative of man, in virtue of being the largest power to receive and to impart."

It is the more finely attuned poet who hears poetry's tones and shapes them into words. Who are poets? "Every man is so far a poet as to be susceptible of these enchantments of nature. . . ."

> And who loves nature? . . . . Is it only poets . . . ? No; but also hunters, farmers, grooms, and butchers, though they

express their affection in their choice of life and not in their choice of words. . . . The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics. . . .

But it is not nature herself which all worship but "nature the symbol, nature certifying the supernatural body overflowed by life" which communicates to each beholder the unifying, inexplicable beauty which is the hallmark of poetry.

Art as Symbolism

Second in importance only to his concept of organic form is Emerson's doctrine that the greatest art is symbolic. He believed that "every thought is a prison"; therefore we love the poet who, through use of the key symbol, "yields to us a new thought, unlocks our chains and admits us to a new scene." Since "we are all symbols, and inhabit symbols," the use of symbols has a certain power of emancipation and exhilaration for all men; through symbols "the poet turns the world to glass" and we see where before we were blind.

The Practicing Poet

On every hand Emerson practiced what he preached. As glove to hand, pit to peach, his words *fit* the idea; not only that, they *create* the idea, nor can the two ever be separated. Describe, if you can, in other words equally "*true*" his Aunt Mary Moody. Emerson "whittled his wit." And *wit* he has; "I can breathe at any time, but I can only whistle when the right pucker comes." And *wisdom*: "We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough." And the lyrical common touch: "I have no hostility to nature, but a child's love to it. I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. Let us speak her fair. I do not wish to fling stones at my beautiful mother, nor soil my gentle nest." And lyrical: "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!" In each of these quotes the form *is* contrast. To prove it, try casting the identical thought in another form. The following quotations are memorable:

ESSAYS

Self Reliance

What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what the people think.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will.

The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished.

No greater men are now than ever were.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance. . . .

Nature

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?

The Over-Soul

The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth.

The Young American

The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.

Compensation

A man cannot speak but he judges himself.

Every opinion reacts on him who utters it.

A great man is always willing to be little.

Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults.

The American Scholar

Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote.

The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims.

Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind.

Spiritual Laws

There is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.

Friendship

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

Prudence

Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live.

Heroism

Self trust is the essence of heroism.

Circles

The key to every man is his thought.

Intellect

He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat.

POEMS

To J. W.

Life is too short to waste.

The Rhodora

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Fable

Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

In "Merlin" (text, page 298), Emerson states his poetic creed, including his great trust in the element of surprise as a source of poetic power:

Great is the art,
Great be the manners of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
"Pass in, pass in," the angels say,
"In to the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

When the form fits the content and tone, Emerson uses a conventional stanza:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

—"Hymn"

This stanza is dignified, compact, symbolically memorable, and apt. But note how, in the first stanza of "Hamatreya" (see text, page 300), he ignores all pattern, shifting from the first realistic, symbolic words to a new rhythm and tone — all because he believed the poem should be allowed to grow according to the laws of its own nature:

Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Mariam, Flint
Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and wood.
Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
Saying, "'Tis mine, my children's and my name's.
How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!
I fancy these pure waters and the flags
Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil."

This abrupt contrast between his initial vigor and the sentiment of security-in-possession is vital if the foolishness of land-lust is to achieve the desired symbolic power. Only then are we ready for the quiet, liquid tones of "Hamatreya," the earth-goddess, as she taunts "her boastful boys" for being owned by "their land:"

Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide —
Shine down in the old sea;
Old are the shores;
But where are old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen. . . .

They called me theirs
Who so controlled me;
Yet every one
Wished to stay, and is gone.
How am I theirs,
If they cannot hold me,
But I hold them?

When I heard the Earth-song,
I was no longer brave;
My avarice cooled
Like lust in the chill of the grave.

Probably Emerson's best-known poem is his "Days," an expanded metaphor in which everything represents something else. Few poems exemplify more aptly the ability of symbols to convey inner reality, communicable by no other means. Written by Emerson in swift spontaneity, the poem is brilliantly compact, containing not a wasted stroke. Its total experience is central to Emerson's belief: Though days at first appraisal might seem to serve liberated man, actually time scorns those craven souls who, enabled to ask of life whatsoever they desire, forget the high ideals and definition of self-destiny which was their birthright in youth, and take trivia. This they do because they can be content with mediocrity and because their supposed servant, Time, refuses to remind them before it is too late of the fatal pettiness of their aspirations. And once the choice is made, no second chances are given, but only withering scorn:

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Emerson found American temperament and literature imitative, boisterously eager, and shaky and unfocused; he gave to his times a positive assertion, a maturity, a future; he gave to succeeding generations an insight into his own inner self through words which have become memorable.

For those who find life to be endless strivings toward a high potential

ideal, Emerson serves as stimulant and spokesman; for those who would know the mind and the heart of nineteenth century America, he serves as symbol and shaper; for all who acknowledge mortal reality to be governed by unseen essence, he serves as seer and as friend.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why was mid-nineteenth century America so compatible a time and place for the growth of Transcendentalism? (See text, pp. 175-176.)

2. Contrast the role of nature in the poets Bryant and Emerson.

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 13 — Growing Religious Values in the Home

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, April 25, 1961

Objective: To explore the processes by which religious values may be grown and developed within the framework of the home and family.

Introduction

HERE is a child, another, and still another, all centuries old in biological inheritance, all breath-takingly new in social inheritance. How shall we treat this child, and this one, and this one? Shall we assume he has no interest, no needs, save those we prescribe for him? Or shall we study what his individual uniqueness is, see him as a person in his own right, listen when he speaks that we may hear his needs, his hopes, his fears, his worries, his plans? Shall we reward him extrinsically when his struggles carry him past our goals, and punish him if he rebels, is indifferent, or is unable to reach the prizes we offer? Or shall we let him grow, sometimes stumble, regain his footing, and, by guidance, help him toward greater maturity in family, peer, and other adult relations? If the child is young, he is standing on the threshold of life. He is in the midst of a complex and baffling civilization where everyone's feeling of security is threatened, where life seems tenuous, where fears and anxiety seem to permeate the air.

This child needs to be fortified with an inner strength that enables him to meet the challenges of his world with all the resources within him. He needs to be acutely aware of himself and his relationship with others. He needs, desperately, emotional education if he is to achieve religious maturity. Fortunate is the child whose family provides the emotional vitamins of love, affection, patient understanding, and, especially, recognition of his unique individuality, neither expecting what he is not capable of nor depriving him of what he individually needs to become a healthy personality.

Just as we attempt to provide the right kind of food, experiences, and care for the child's physical body to grow properly, so must we provide the kind of experiences which will allow his mind to grow and develop, and encourage him to grow religious values.

Family As a Character-Forming Agent

The family is almost as old as man himself and is the fountainhead of the personality and character of every individual. What the family is today and will be tomorrow determines, more than anything else, what life is like for us and what it will be like for our descendants. And, in addition to its many other functions, the family has the greatest influence upon the development of values within its family members. The family is important because it shapes us. More than any other force, it determines the kind of people we are and the kind of people tomorrow's citizens will be. There are other factors at work, but the family has been, is, and will be the most powerful influence in the development of people's personality and character.

The child learns his earliest and probably most fundamental lessons in ethical behavior in the family setting. Children search constantly for meanings, purposes, standards, values. They can act only if they make decisions, and they can make decisions only if they have some grounds upon which to make them. They must, therefore, find patterns, develop concepts, grow values. Starting from scratch they must build their concepts from the experiences of their lives. It makes a great difference whether these experiences are planned systematically or occur haphazardly. Thoughtful parents can do much to see that these concepts are healthy and desirable, and that the values are sound.

The Family's Responsibility in Growing Values

Clearly the responsibility of parents in teaching children religious concepts in the home is not to close minds, but to open them. Our task is to provide children with the kinds of teachings and experiences which will enable them to develop mature beliefs and concepts of religion and to make their religious decisions intelligently and in the light of available evidence.

We frequently make the mistake of trying to communicate by moralizing only. We urge our children to strive for success, but what picture do we give them of success? The cynic suggests that American standards are materialistic, that our symbols of success are dollars and chrome trim and country club memberships. Robert Louis Stevenson suggested some values which we might incorporate in our concept of success in the following statement:

> That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much: who has gained the respect of intelligent men and a love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer was asked the question, "What in your opinion are the 'fundamentals for today's children'?" In a personal letter to Mr. Keith Osbourne of The Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit, Michigan, he said:

> The great experience through which we truly become human beings is being filled with the secret of being and life, and the realization that in our life we feel other life, its suffering, its longing for happiness, its fear of destruction. And that this feeling and being kind to all living beings is our natural, spiritual attitude toward our-

selves and the world. Already the children should become reflective to themselves and their relationships to others and should gain the insight that reverence for life is the basic principle of the good. The children should not just take over the Good as something which is passed on that they are being taught, but through reflection they should discover it in themselves and possess it for their entire lives as something which is part of their personality.

Out of our own childhood, many of us would testify that the feeling of being spiritually sustained comes to the child first and most compellingly in the intimacy and warmth of family life, perhaps in the prayer that he has learned. If it comes at all, it usually has its roots in the quality of the faith that he has seen lived by those he knows and loves, for in the family there is the often unconscious treasuring of those uniquely valuable experiences and interests and delights which have become a family possession deeply shared. This in itself is a religious experience which is often more moving than that provided by church, sermon, or ritual.

If we are to be effective in developing religious values in our children, we must find a kind and quality of faith that is intellectually and spiritually satisfying to each of us. It must be real to us or we will not be successful in growing these values in our children. Children are too alert and sensitive to be fooled by pretense. We must develop a faith that is strong, truths that are basic in our lives, and values which are significant to us — values which are integrated in our personality and implemented in our behavior. We will be much more likely to achieve success, then, in helping our children grow the values which we feel are important for them. We must not attempt to impose values upon our children, but provide the kind of atmosphere which encourages growth and development and the kind of example with which they can identify.

No one can glibly recite the meanings of Jesus' ethics to another; those meanings *have to be thought through; they have to be experienced* in some degree before their majestic power to move the human heart and mind is felt and understood (Lambert, A. C.: *Foundations of Religious Life*, Brigham Young University, 1938, page 167).

The Fundamentals

For man to live free of fear, of hate, of anxiety, he must not only be a man of confidence but a healthy personality. He should believe in himself while learning to be more worthy of that belief. He should believe in his fellow man and continue to believe in him until he, too, is worthy. He should believe in his family and strengthen it. He should believe in God and live that belief.

The moral, then, is plain. To do good we must first know good, to speak the truth we must first know the truth, to possess values which enhance the development of the individual, we must grow values through experience.

Can we provide the kind of experiences in childhood which will produce people who have the ability to love, to form relationships that are both healthy and productive? Can we bring up children in such a way that sound personality and creative interpersonal relationships are promoted? To bring up a child "in the way he should go," with simple realism regarding all areas and aspects of existence, to help him equip himself for living in his own time and yet be mindful of the

priceless heritage that comes down to him from the past, this is a hazardous but challenging undertaking. We live in an era when external influences, as a rule, are of little aid to the maintenance of sound character structure. We are also living in a time of rapid advance when those able to avail themselves of each and every opportunity for self-fulfillment may go further toward life's goal than have members of any previous generation. A religious attitude toward life and a truly religious integration of all vital personality-producing factors may do more to make possible such fulfillment than any other force or influence of which we are aware. Religion is a realization of human potentialities on an ever-ascending scale and in such ways as to benefit everyone.

Developing Broad Horizons and Flexibility

The scientific spirit demands a willingness to change and to see possibilities beyond those that have already been tried. Living in the scientific age requires the ability to innovate, to adapt to new situations, and to live creatively in a dynamic world of rapid change.

Young people who grow up with a strong inner-core of confidence in themselves, in others, in their world, have faith in their ability to keep on growing and developing real competence as persons. Both adults and children need to learn new ways of relating themselves emotionally with others. As parents and teachers, we need to learn to give children love coupled with discipline. We need to develop the expectancy that we can trust one another rather than the expectancy that we're going to be taken advantage of or cheated or harmed. Adults and children alike need to learn how to connect what is basically good in themselves with what is basically good in others. It is important that children and youth be led to feel that progress is needed in the realm of ethical living fully as much as in the physical sciences. The basic, universal truths, of course, will not change, but perhaps the manner in which we may implement them in our lives and nurture their growth in our children may become more effective through diligent effort.

History records the tragedies which have usually occurred when the ability of man to manage his social life has lagged far behind the power which he has developed in the physical sciences. Today, more than ever before, it is essential that we rear a generation of individuals who have learned to trust other people, to discover their individual abilities, and to believe in their own works. Sure of themselves, they can then go forth in the world unafraid, willing to learn and willing to respect other people's thinking and ways of living. We must have a generation whose focus upon life involves wide horizons and includes all people. We must have a generation of people who are sufficiently flexible to adjust to the many rapid changes which will surely come in their lifetime.

Summary

We have frequently heard the statement that modern families are adrift because they have no values and have become engrossed in material things and meaningless activities.

We have not lost our values — the belief in the worth of the indi-

vidual personality, the conviction of the importance of human dignity — but we need to restate them in ways that apply to our lives today. It is the unique function of the family to recognize and foster individuality, not self-defeating and anti-social individualism; to give children and adolescents and adults a feeling of personal worth and dignity.

What does an understanding of value development and growing values mean for parents? The parent who only moralizes about values is not teaching them as he may believe he is. It is difficult to understand how one can teach *about* moral and spiritual values without recognition of the fact that values are ever present in our behavior *with* children. When a parent stands in front of the mirror in the morning rather than asking if his tie is straight or his hair combed neatly, he might ask, "Are my real values showing?" The answer is, "Of course."

Our values become identified with our total personality structure. We display a combination of widely diversified values. We need to provide an example and some direction which will help children living in a complex world resolve the conflicts between values which they inevitably will encounter. And we need to instill in them a supreme belief in God which can provide the basic foundation of security which is essential at any time, but particularly important for living in this Nuclear Age. The value of this is dramatized in the story of the little girl who said her usual bedtime prayer for herself and each member of her family, and then added, "Dear God, please take care of yourself, for if anything happens to you, we are all sunk."

The family is important because it shapes us and provides the soil in which our values grow. More than any other force, it determines the kind of people we are, the kind of people tomorrow's citizens will be. We fail our children tragically if we do not concern ourselves and them with basic inquiries into our own nature and that of our world, for while convictions about a few great ultimates will not solve all our daily or perennial problems, such intellectual and ethical objectives and moral values will help to keep the lesser items in proper and manageable perspective. So equipped and so taught, our sons and daughters will not fear to face the future.

Will we let chance determine the values our children adopt, or will we do our consistent best to see that our children's values have meanings which will bring them strength and satisfaction in the years ahead? There can be only one answer — our children need sound values.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Give illustrations of how the family is a character-forming agent.
2. List specific illustrations of how the family can grow values.
3. What external influences are a threat to the development of sound values?
4. What are some of the most effective means of "growing" values?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

(*Continued from page 33*)

wanting to drop notes to that fine looking family and handsome gentleman in the photos, and tell them that you have arrived safely," said Christine.

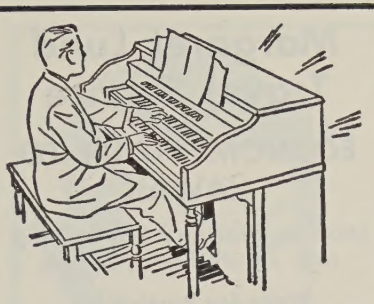
"Yes, perhaps I should," agreed Geniel. Then she added with a smile, "I think that you must be pulling for Ernest."

"I rather think I am," admitted Christine with a smile.

After she had left, Geniel brought out her writing paper. "I've been in Blayney for six hours and twenty-five minutes," she wrote, "and like it better by the minute. Of course, the real test will come when school starts next week. There will be three of us here at the boarding house when the other teacher, Marva Eberhart, arrives. Christine Lacy is about forty and has been here for several years. I doubt very much if I will like it *that* much. Mrs. Willett, the landlady, is a motherly soul and an excellent cook. A nephew put in an appearance at dinner time looking, allegedly, for a veterinarian, but seemed perfectly satisfied to take on beef stroganoff and apple pie instead."

She finished the letters and made ready for bed. With the lights out, she stood at the window looking at the distant mountains faintly outlined in the moonlight. It was peaceful beyond anything she had ever remembered. "A good place to find one's soul," she reflected. "But rather a cold one." She shivered as she climbed into bed.

(*To be continued*)



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A Child Says Grace

Ethel Jacobson

She offers thanks
That God is near,
Thanks for all
That's good and dear,
All that makes
Life lovelier.
I add, "Amen,"
And, "Thanks for *her*."

Weak Echoes

Dianne Dibb

When echoes crash on canyon walls,
The mountain is not crumbled;
No tree is uprooted,
And no mighty peak is humbled.

Why then must we shrink with fear,
At hollow gossip talk?
Ideals are rooted in the soul,
And truth is as the rock.

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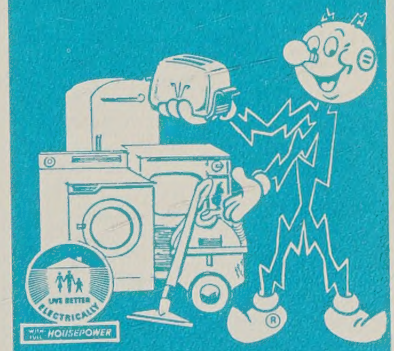

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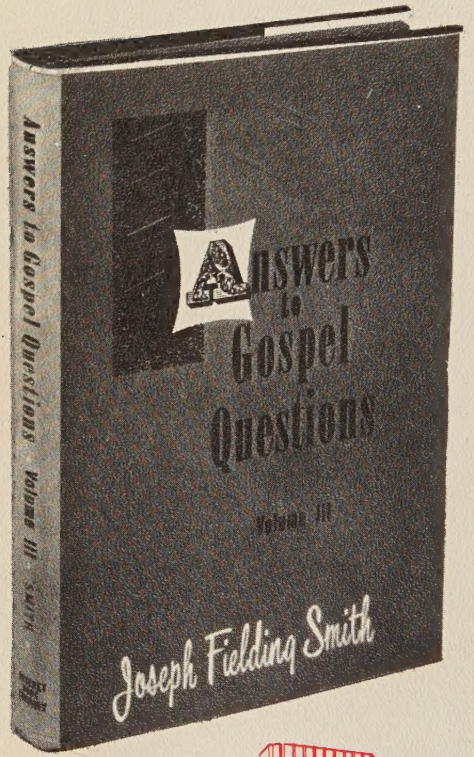

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